

One Hundred World's Best Novels Condensed

Edited By
EDWIN A. GROZIER

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and CHARLES H. LINCOLN

FOUR VOLUMES
COMBINED IN ONE



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ONE HUNDRED BEST NOVELS CONDENSED

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CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES JOHN HUFFAM DICKENS was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, England, where his father was a clerk in the Navy Pay office. He died at Gadshill Place, in Kent, on June 9, 1870.

His dreams of writing came to him when as a boy he read breathlessly the battered novels in his father's library. He became a reporter on the London newspapers, and wrote (1836) "Sketches by Box," wherein are, in miniature, all the abounding virtues of his novels.

The "Pickwick Papers" (1837) were a great success. Their unmitable rollicking humor captivated the English reading world. His first extended novel was "Oliver Twist" (1838), followed by "Nicholas Nickleby" (1838-39), "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" (1840-41). He produced some sixteen major novels, the last, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1870), being left unfinished. "David Copperfield" (1849-50), held by many to be his masterpiece, and by not a few to be the greatest story ever written, is supposed to be semi-autobiographical. Many of his novels were published in instalments, and never before or since has any literary publication excited such a furore.

After his initial successes, Dickens's life was a triumphal procession, saddened only by domestic unhappiness. He visited America, where his works were even more popular than in England, in 1842 and 1867-68.

He wrote in his will his own best epitaph, "I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country on my published works." He might well have substituted "the world" for "my country."

Perhaps the quality that distinguishes his novels among all others is their abounding humor. A poet has written:

Make way, Shakspeare! This is he
Who hath ta'en the throne of mirth from thee.

DAVID COPPERFIELD

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by
CHARLES F. D. BELDEN

"OF all my books," writes Dickens, "I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them; but, like many fond parents, I have in my hearts of hearts a favorite child, and his name is *David Copperfield*."

The world, in the main, agrees with the opinion of the great, kindly delineator of humanity, for *David Copperfield* and *Pickwick Papers* hold first and second choice with most lovers of this English author of the middle of the nineteenth century. The reason is not hard to discover. The memory of the sad childhood of the writer forms the basis of the novel and provides the personal flavor. It is in many respects his ablest and clearest book. The narrative, moreover, moves from beginning to end in full swing with mingled pathos and humor. The spirit throughout is kindly, sympathetic, and, above all, human. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, writing of *David Copperfield* and its author, says: "He has created creatures who cling to us and tyrannize over us, creatures whom we would not forget if we could, creatures whom we could not forget if we would, creatures who are more actual than the man who made them."

The novel begins with the birth of its hero, David Copperfield, six months after the death of his father. An eccentric great-aunt, Miss Betsey Trotwood, is present in the house, but departs quite as suddenly as she arrived when she learns that the child is a boy and cannot bear her name. David's mother is quite alone in the world with the exception of plain Peggotty, her devoted serving-woman, Peggotty, with no shape at all, and so very plump that when any little exertion is made after she is dressed, some of the buttons on the back of her gown fly off.

Being, however, youthful and pretty, Clara Copperfield soon marries the stern Mr. Murdstone, who proves to be not only stern, but hard and cruel. On the occasion of his mother's marriage David is sent with Peggotty to visit her brother at Yarmouth, where he, with his niece, little Emily, and nephew Ham, occupy a superannuated old boat now converted into a most delightfully cozy home. Little Emily, with her winning ways, grows very dear to David, as do the honest fisherfolk with whom she lives.

Returning home, David at once becomes an object of detestation to his stepfather, and in consequence is packed off to school. Here his misery continues under a master, or rather bully, Creakle, whose chief zest in life consists in the infliction of pain on some hapless victim. The one bit of brightness in school life is his attachment for James Steerforth, a handsome, debonair, dashing lad, with the faculty of making every one his friend. But school-days are brought to a sudden halt by the death of David's mother, crushed by her husband's ceaseless tyranny. Peggotty is dismissed and Barkis, the stage-driver whose courtship has consisted in the singular message, sent through David, of "Barkis is willin'," finally succeeds in making Peggotty willing also.

After months of utter neglect David is sent to London, where he becomes, at ten years of age, a little laboring hind in a dilapidated old warehouse, in the service of Murdstone & Grimby, wine merchants. Half starved, wearied by long hours of labor amid repulsive companions, including Mick Walker and Meally Potatoes, David's life is a continued torture. He lodges with a Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins Micawber and their numerous progeny. Mr. Micawber, always in pecuniary difficulties and always expecting something to "turn up" and always in possession of a fine flow of oratory, is alternately buoyed up by a conviction that Fortune is at last about to smile upon him, and reduced to the depths of despair by her sudden and unaccountable withdrawal. David comes to have a genuine liking for the couple, so much so that when the Micawbers, having failed to meet certain financial obligations, are obliged to move to prison, and David to seek new quarters, he feels such a sense of loneliness that he determines to run away to his aunt, Betsey Trotwood at Dover, an aunt whom he has never seen, but of whom he remembers to have heard.

The aunt adopts him and sends him to school at Canterbury,

where he boards with his aunt's lawyer and man of affairs, Mr. Wickfield, and his daughter Agnes, whose serene presence becomes a constant inspiration to David. Here also he comes in contact with Mr. Wickfield's clerk, Uriah Heep, "a very unsocial person," an individual with a cadaverous face and a head covered with coarse stubble, red eyes which have a curiously unshaded appearance as if which seem to David to be ceaselessly watchful. His sneering humility and clammy handgrasp fill David with uncomfortable feelings and distrust.

Having graduated with honors, David decides to become a doctor and enters the office of Spenlow & Jorkins. He at once falls in love with Mr. Spenlow's distractingly pretty daughter, Dora, who returns his affection. On hearing that Ham's husband is dying, David makes a hurried visit to Yarmouth to comfort his old nurse. While there, Emily, within a few days of becoming Ham's bride, little Emily, the precious treasure of her old uncle's heart, disappears and with her Steerforth. Carried away by his gallantry and persuaded that he will make her "a lady," Emily is none the less distracted by a sense of terrible humiliation and degradation, for which she implores her uncle's forgiveness. David, overcome by the thought that it was he who first brought Steerforth to Yarmouth, returns to London, to find that his aunt has lost the greater part of her fortune. This makes it necessary for David to add to their income by using all his spare time in clerical and literary work.

Dora continues uppermost in his thoughts, although Mr. Spenlow opposes the match. His sudden death leaves the proud, artless Dora, to the surprise of all, nearly penniless. David's income, though slender, permits of their marriage.

With all his love for his child wife, as she calls herself, he finds that her gay irresponsibility results in anything but a comfortable home. After vainly trying to develop her childish nature he uncomplainingly makes the best of it and continues to admire her bewitching ways. Meanwhile Uriah Heep has managed by deceit to worm his way into partnership with Mr. Wickfield, after which he proceeds to gain full control of the business. Considering Mr. Micawber likely to be a useful tool, Uriah hires him in the capacity of clerk at such a meager salary that Mr. Micawber is obliged to borrow small sums of money from Heep, who takes advantage of this in

debtedness to force Mr. Micawber to assist him in his dishonest practices.

At the end of a year Mr. Micawber requests an interview with David and his aunt at Canterbury. They find him filled with righteous contempt for Uriah Heep, the hypocritical plotter, and prepared to make a sweeping exposure, which he forthwith proceeds to do in his loftiest style which results in the recovery of Betsey Trotwood's money, full restitution to Mr. Wickfield, and, in Mr. Micawber's own words, the final pulverization of Heep. "Blossom," as David delights to call Dora, proves as frail as the name, and in spite of his tenderest care she droops and at length is gone.

As at other times of trial, it is the quick sympathy of Agnes Wickfield that softens the pain, and through her influence David plans to go abroad for a time. Meanwhile out of gratitude to Mr. Micawber for his service in the recovery of her money, Betsey Trotwood offers to help the Micawbers to make a new start in Australia. The family joyfully accept the proposition and prepare to sail on the same ship with Emily and her devoted uncle, to whom she has at last returned and who is accompanying her to the distant colony to begin life anew. Before bidding these good friends farewell, David visits Yarmouth once more and witnesses the last scene of Emily's tragedy. A raging tempest beats a ship to pieces just off the coast. One living person is seen still clinging to the mast, and the irony of fate sends Ham to his death in his efforts to rescue that creature, whose body when washed ashore proves to be that of Steerforth.

After three years' absence abroad, David returns to England, and gradually comes to realize that Agnes Wickfield has always been his guiding-star and held sway in his heart. Betsey Trotwood, fearing that David may still be blind with regard to the feeling of Agnes toward him, guilelessly mentions that she has reason to believe that Agnes is to be married. Whereupon David is determined, at whatever cost to his own feelings, to tell Agnes of his joy in any happiness that may come to her. He soon discovers that she has never cared for any other than himself and that her future happiness will be his as well.

As the years pass and a group of children is added to their home David continues to find Agnes his inspiration as of old.

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THACKERAY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, son of a civil servant in India, was born July 18, 1811, in Calcutta. He died December 24, 1863, in London, where most of his life was spent. From 1840 on, his wife was insane, so there lived in his heart, as in that of the other great humorist of his time, Dickens, constant domestic sorrow.

Thackeray began in school-days rather to absorb life than to attain scholarship. He delighted even then to reproduce it in comic verse and caricature. At Cambridge, in Weimar, in Paris art-schools and London law-school, he went gaily on his way indolent in study, but eager in friendship, ardent in life. At twenty-one he owned and managed a London newspaper; at twenty-five he was penniless, after scattering a comfortable fortune. But he had bought experience invaluable to the young journalist, priceless to the novelist.

Thackeray's astonishing versatility was early realized. He aspired to illustrate Dickens's novels; he wrote travel sketches, stories, ballads, and burlesques.

"Barry Lyndon," his first notable novel, was the history of a rascal; but in the most fascinating of feminine rascals, Becky Sharp, Thackeray first brilliantly showed himself master in the creation of living characters ("Vanity Fair," 1846-48). "Pendennis" (1849-50) was, like Dickens's "David Copperfield," in essence autobiographical. The need of money drove Thackeray reluctantly to the lecture-field. His course on Eighteenth Century Humorists, popular in England and America (1851), prepared the ground for "Esmond" (1852), his unsurpassed historical novel. "The Newcomes" (1854), "The Virginians" (1859), and the unfinished "Denis Duval," complete the list of his best novels.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Condensation by
RICHARD HENRY DANA

ONE fine morning in the full London season, Major Arthur Pendennis (retired on half pay) came to breakfast at his accustomed corner in his Pall Mall Club. His were the best blacked boots in London. His buff waistcoat, checked cravat, spotless linen, white gloves, his whiskers, his very cane, were perfect of their kind.

He seemed thirty years old, until you saw the factitious nature of his rich brown hair and the crow's feet around the eyes of his handsome face with its Wellington nose. His long white cuffs showed the gold sleeve buttons given him by His Royal Highness, the Duke of York.

Through his gold double eye-glasses, he read his letters, one an invitation from the Marquis of Steyne, one from the Bishop of Ealing and Mrs. Trail, another from an earl, and so on, and last of all, two others, one from his widowed sister-in-law, and the other from her only child, Arthur Pendennis, Jr. The first begs him to "come immediately" to Fair Oaks, Clavering, St. Mary's, "to entreat, nay command" the "wretched boy" to give up his engagement to marry Miss Costigan, an actress twelve years the senior of this lad of eighteen. The second from this same lad beseeching his uncle to remove his mother's objections to his proposed union with his "dear Emily," a descendant of the old Irish Royalty, the most beautiful woman in the world. "A love like mine, sir," writes young Pen, "I feel is contracted once and forever—I shall die without ever knowing another passion."

The major, inwardly in a rage, ruefully sends refusals to the marquis, the earl, the bishop, and other entertainers, and takes a sleepless and tiring trip in the tight, smelly night mail-coach for Clavering.

On arrival Major Pendennis is most affable to Pen and his mother. He does not "entreat" or "command" his nephew, but wins the boy's confidence and talks familiarly of his own noble friends and the brilliant career he has in mind for Pen. The major then "faces the enemy," Captain Costigan, the half-tipsy, imaginative old Irish soldier, the father and protector of "Emily." To him and his beautiful, honest, but dull daughter the major is equally suave. Beautiful she is, with broad brow, large, melting eyes, black wavy hair, white complexion, rosy cheeks, and the arms of a "Venus." Pen had come to see and know her through Foker, a school friend, a lad homely and kindly, dull at his books, but bright in every-day matters, whose father, the great brewer, furnished him money, and Lady Agnes, his mother, social position. Verses Pen had been writing to the Greek goddesses he now dedicates to his new divinity.

Major Pendennis, as his next move, let's slip, in the presence of the Costigans, the fact that Pen has no means beyond what his mother allows him out of her slender income. Costigan is then indignant that Pen "should have had the face to offer himself to his dear beguiled daughter." Pen cannot believe his adored Emily has calmly thrown him over, until the Costigans openly "cut" him in the street. He almost dies, or believes he is dying of despised love, with all the symptoms of sleepless nights and feverish days, and is scarcely consoled by his mother and little cousin Laura.

Laura is five years younger than Pen, his second cousin on the side of his mother, who adopted her on the death of her parents, perhaps because of a romance of early unmarried days with Laura's father.

Miss Costigan secures an engagement at a London theater through Major Pendennis's influence. The magnetic attraction being thus removed, Pen goes to "Oxbridge." Then through Foker and with the major's encouragement Pen makes rich and aristocratic friends and begins a brilliant career at the Debating Union, at dinners and late suppers, with his wit, eloquence, poems, and commanding self-confidence. Wild without being vulgar, extravagant beyond his means and neglecting his studies, he becomes deeply in debt and is "plucked" in his degree examination, though many a fellow he has despised for dullness or crushed in debate passes with honors.

Unselfish, he would leave the gayest party to go and sit with a sick friend, and yet, selfish, he forces his mother to pinch herself to

Keep him in college and he accepts Laura's savings to pay his debts. He flees "Oxbridge" in disgrace, though later he tries again and passes his "exams" with fair credit.

Coming home from college, Pen, now a young man of good figure, medium height, blue eyes, and auburn whiskers, finds Laura grown from the simple little girl into a tall, slim, handsome young lady with large gray eyes, long black lashes, pale face with rose tinge in her cheeks which flushes easily into a deep blush.

Now comes on the scene Sir Francis Clavering, Bart., who opens Clavering Park, which has long been closed. The papers a few years before announced his marriage with the rich widow of the late J. Amory, Esquire, from India. He brings Lady Clavering, her daughter Miss Blanche Amory, a young lady, and his son and heir, little Frank Clavering. Blanche has fair hair, dark eyebrows, long black lashes veiling brown eyes, slim figure, small feet, and constant smiles showing sweet pearly teeth and deep dimples. Sir Francis himself is a weak creature, a gambler, fond of low company, and rapidly wasting his wife's property with constant demands on her generosity. Lady Clavering, a good, kind soul, illiterate and murdering the King's English, is hardly more fortunate in her second marriage than in her first with the sailor and convict Amory.

Shadowing the Claverings is a mysterious Colonel Altamont, with a strange influence over Sir Francis and a power to get money from him, despite the baronet's lack of ready cash.

Pen becomes enamoured of Blanche, writes her love poems, and meanwhile she leads him on, only to drop him again for any one with better prospects. When thus dropped, Pen offers himself to Laura, but in a half-hearted way. Laura replies, "When next you offer yourself, do not say as you have done to me, 'I have no heart—I do not love you; but I am ready to marry you because my mother wishes for the match.'" After Laura's refusal, Pen tires of the country and goes to London to study law. He settles in chambers at the Lamb Court Temple and makes a friend of and rooms with George Warrington, an older graduate of "Oxbridge." In London Pen leads a life not of study, but of joviality, though not of vice. He is too lofty to stoop to vulgar intrigue. When reduced to his last few pounds, Pen, by Warrington's help, gets a poem accepted in a magazine, is given books to review, becomes a contributor to the new *Pall Mall Gazette*, writes the popular novel *Walter Lor-*

raine and becomes well off and well known. His uncle is proud of him, gets him invitations to dine in high society, and introduces him, among other celebrities, to the great Duke of Wellington.

One night, the mysterious Colonel Altamont, half drunk, forces his way into the Clavering dining-room in London and Major Pendennis recognizes him as an Indian acquaintance. Soon after this, he urges Pen to marry for money, saying, "It is as easy to get a rich wife as a poor one," and encourages him to court Miss Blanche Amory. Somehow the Major persuades Sir Francis to give up his seat in Parliament in favor of Pen and to arrange for a large dowry for Miss Blanche. Finally, in lieu of any better prospect, she accepts Pen.

The secret of Colonel Altamont's influence over Sir Francis becomes public property and reaches Pen's ears, for Altamont is none other than Amory, the husband of Lady Clavering. He was reported to have died, but in reality is alive. This makes the Clavering marriage invalid and Miss Amory heir to the fortune instead of young Frank. Pen then refuses to benefit by the fortune or to take the seat in Parliament, and writes Blanche he is still willing to marry her, though he admits he does not love her deeply. Later, when he calls, he finds his old schoolmate, Foker, rich through his father's death, now installed in Miss Blanche's affections. Still, the fair Blanche confidentially confesses to Pen that she would prefer him if he could lay aside his "absurd scruples." This he refuses to do, so the Foker and Amory wedding is arranged.

Then Pen, freed from this mercenary alliance, finds his heart all the while was really devoted to Laura, so he proposes to her in earnest and this time is accepted. Foker in turn finds by accident the secret of Amory's survival, and, what is worse, that Blanche knew and yet concealed it from him. For this lack of confidence he leaves the fickle Blanche, so that there is only one wedding at Clavering and that not at the baronet's hall. It turns out that Altamont, alias Amory, already had a wife living when he went through the form of marriage with the future Lady Clavering; so, after all, Sir Francis and she are legally husband and wife.

Sir Francis reforms. Miss Blanche goes abroad and marries in Paris a count with doubtful title. Pen is elected to Parliament on his own merits, the new railroad buys some of Pen's lands and greatly increases the value of the rest, so he is well off and most happy with the adorable, high-minded, and devoted Laura.

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RUDYARD KIPLING

RUDYARD KIPLING was born December 30, 1865, in Bombay, where his father, John Lockwood Kipling, artist and author, was professor in the British School of Art. He was educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon, scene of the lurid *Stalky* novel.

At seventeen he was in India once more, a journalist. Before he was twenty-four he had completed "*Plain Tales from the Hills*" and six more of his best stories, which established his fame throughout the world. In the tales of native life and adventure "*beyond the pale*" India was revealed anew with a brilliance, color, and passion unsurpassed; Mulvaney and his pals, the exuberant "*Soldiers Three*," captivated men from sea to sea.

Within the next ten years Kipling traveled round the world, married, lived in America, England, and South Africa, and finally became so imbued with imperialism as almost to destroy his art.

His "*Barrack Room Ballads*" and "*Seven Seas*" revealed him as an inspiring poet who "*splashed at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair.*"

Of his three novels, "*The Light that Failed*" is a tale of Suez; "*Captains Courageous*," of Gloucester fishermen; and "*Kim*" breathes again the subtle and mysterious fascination of India.

With the "*Jungle Books*" Kipling enthralled a new audience. These, and the incomparable "*Just So Stories*," written to his son, who was killed in the war, enshrined him in the hearts of children the world over.

He was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1907.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Condensation by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

HARVEY CHEYNE'S father was immersed in amassing more money, his mother was busy with her nerves, and so we have Harvey, at fifteen years, the insufferable type that most grown males want to heave a brick at on sight.

He was a passenger on this ocean liner, and she was crossing the Grand Banks in a fog. He came into the smoking-room, saying: "You can hear the fish-boats squawking all around us. Wouldn't it be great if we ran one down!"

He asked for a cigarette. Somebody with a diabolical sense of humor passed him a thick, oily cigar. Harvey lit it up and went on deck. He began to feel queer, but he had bragged of never being seasick; so now he went aft to the turtle-deck, and he was still there, wrestling with the cigar and not caring much what happened, when a long gray sea swung out of the fog and took him overboard.

Harvey was next aware of being on a pile of fish with a broad-backed man in a blue jersey, who said: "You in dory with me. Manuel my name."

Later he was hoisted aboard of a schooner and lowered into her heaving fo'c's'le, where men in oilskins gave him a hot drink and put him to sleep in a bunk. When he awoke, a boy whose name was Dan asked him smilingly if he was feeling better. The schooner was the *We're Here* of Gloucester, and the boy's father, Disko Troop, was her skipper.

Harvey went up on deck to see Disko, and demanded that he be taken back to New York, where, as he told Disko condescendingly, his father would pay them very well for their trouble; he added many other items to what his father could and would do. Disko, as it happened, was an old-fashioned type of Bank fisherman, wise

in the ways of fish, but knowing little of the great world. He decided that this boy with his talk of his father's immense wealth must be crazy; with an idea of restoring the poor boy to sanity, he offered him the berth of second boy on the *We're Here* at ten dollars and fifty cents per month.

Harvey had a fit of sullenness, but his sullenness worried nobody; he went to work. The dories were returning to the vessel with their catches of fish; so for the first work of his life Harvey was set to helping Dan hoist in the dories, to swabbing the gurry from their insides, and then to nesting them on the deck. By the time he had finished doing that and eating his supper it was nighttime, and Manuel, Penn, Long Jack, Old Salters, Tom Platt—all hands were standing by to dress fish.

Manuel and Penn stood deep among the fish, flourishing sharp knives. "Hi!" shouted Manuel, with one finger under the gill of a cod, the other in an eye. The blade glimmered, there was a sound of tearing, the fish, slit from throat to tail, dropped at Long Jack's feet. "Hi!" cried Jack, and, with a scoop of a mittened hand, dropped the cod's liver into a basket; another wrench and scoop sent head and offal flying. The gutted fish slid across to Old Salters, who snorted fiercely, ripped out the backbone, and splashed the headless, gutless fish into a tub of water.

Harvey pitched the washed fish down into the hold, whence came tramlings and rumblings as Tom Platt and Disko moved among the salt-bins. The rasping sound of rough salt rubbed on rough flesh from below made a heavy undertone to the click-nick of the knives in the pens, the wrench and schloop of torn heads, the flap of ripped-open fish falling into the tub on deck.

At the end of an hour Harvey wanted terribly to rest, but also for the first time in his life he was one of a working gang of men; and so, beginning to take pride in the thought, he held on grimly. Not till the last fish was stowed below did a man rest. But when that moment came! Disko and Old Salters rolled toward their cabin bunks, Manuel and Long Jack went forward. Tom Platt waited only long enough to slide home the hatch, Penn to empty a basket of fish livers into a big cask.

All hands were below and asleep, except the two boys; they had to stand watch; so by and by the moon looked down on one slim boy in knickerbockers, which was Harvey, staggering around the clut-

tered deck; while behind him, waving a knotted rope, walked another boy, which was Dan, yawning and nodding between taps he dealt the first boy to keep him awake.

The *We're Here* was on a salt-fishing trip, which meant four months away from home; so there was time for Harvey to learn many strange new things if he cared to. After a time, as the pride in honest work well done began to grip him, he cared. He learned to fish from a dory; to make his way in safety around a heaving vessel's deck; to know what each rope and sail aboard a vessel was for. Disko allowed him, when the wind was light, to steer the vessel from one berth to another, and wonderful was Harvey's sense of power when he first felt the vessel answer to his touch of the wheel. Almost did he come to understand, as a fisherman understands, the never-absent dangers of the Banks—the eternal fogs, the tides, the gales, the wicked seas; and learned, too, fishermen's opinion of the officers of the great steamers who, after cutting a vessel down, raise high hands to heaven and swear with unanimity that the careless fisherman had never—absolutely never—shown so much as a single light.

He saw one day a foul, draggled, unkempt vessel heaving up past the *We're Here*, for all the world like a blowsy, frowsy, bad old woman sneering at a decent girl—saw her sail off into a patch of watery sunshine and—go under—taking all hands with her! He saw, while his hair stood on end, a whiteness moving in the whiteness of the fog with a breath like the breath of a grave; and then he heard a roaring, plunging, and spouting; that was his first iceberg. He saw the surf break over Virgin Rocks; and the fish strike in so thick on a shoal that scores of dories stood riding gunwale to gunwale while their crews battled for the catch. He saw a gale break so sudden and fierce that everywhere on the sea were men in dories cutting riding-lines and racing for their vessels, but some never making their vessels.

So he passed four busy, wonderful months, growing in body, mind, and soul with every hour that passed; and then came the great day when they left the Banks for home. Toil, hardship, and danger were now mostly behind them; there was left little to do but stand watch and study the folding and packing away of the morning mists, the hurry of winds across the open spaces, the glare and blaze of the high sun; to harken to the grinding of the booms

against the masts, the creaking of the sheets against the bitts, the sail filling to the roaring winds.

Now about the time the *We're Here*, a hundred quintals of fish in her hold, was laying her course for Gloucester, Harvey's father was beginning to wonder in his mahogany offices in Los Angeles if it wasn't a better game to drop the ceaseless struggle for more power and wealth. What was the use of it all—with no son to hand it to? He was still wondering when one day an excited secretary brought him a telegram.

It was from Harvey, safe in Gloucester. Mr. Cheyne laid his face down on his desk, breathed heavily for a while; and then, heaving orders right and left, started that run of which railroad men talked for many a day. Three days and a half it was from coast to coast, with railroad specialists along the way dividing huge bonuses; for it was the great Harvey Cheyne who was racing east to see his rescued boy, and the boy's mother was with him.

Not without fear did he meet that boy. He had a memory of a pasty-faced, bad-mannered lad. What he met was a boy with toughened figure and a keen, clear eye, a boy who was inordinately proud that a Gloucester skipper said he had well earned his ten dollars and fifty cents and his keep a month. On the end of an ancient wharf Harvey Cheyne and his boy had such a talk as they never could have had four months before. When it was over they knew each other better.

Railroads, lumber, mines—such things did not interest young Harvey. What his heart yearned for was to some day manage his father's newly purchased sailing-ships on the Pacific coast. The ships he got when he was ripe for them; and for Dan, son of Disko Troop—seeing that he could not offer money—he got a berth as mate of one of them, with the promise that some day he would go master of the best he could build.

"Great ships these of my father's? Oh yes," says Harvey. "But back in Gloucester are the able little vessels. The *We're Here*, she's one. I owe a heap to her—to her and her crew."

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SIENKIEWICZ

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, so great a name in Poland that he has been coupled with Copernicus and Kosciuszko as the three Poles to whom Americans are most indebted, was born in Opreya in Russian Poland in 1846. He studied philosophy at Warsaw University, and soon afterward, in company with Helen Modjeska and other radical Poles, established a socialistic community in California. It was somewhat like the earlier Brook Farm experiment made by Hawthorne and his friends. It was no more successful and Sienkiewicz returned to Poland, where he wrote a series of articles for a Warsaw newspaper about his American experiences.

Then he turned to novel-writing. He wrote brilliantly and rapidly, turning with the utmost ease from realistic pictures of contemporary life to stories of romance and to historical novels. "Children of the Soil," which he called his best book, is a simple story of Polish life which won more favor with his own countrymen than it did abroad.

In the 1880's he completed his tremendous trilogy, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael." There was an epic quality about these historical novels that made many people in many lands hail him as a new Scott or a new Dumas.

His international reputation, however, came with "Quo Vadis," his masterpiece of ancient Roman life. It was quickly translated into English and into nearly every European tongue. Then it passed to the stage, not only in America and England, but also in France and Germany. Since that success Sienkiewicz had traveled widely, visiting England, France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Africa, and the Far East. He received the Nobel prize for literature in 1905. From the outbreak of the war to his death in November, 1916, he devoted himself to the relief of Polish war victims.

QUO VADIS

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

Condensation by

PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

“**I** DO not know to a certainty her name even—Lygia or Callina? They call her Lygia in the house, for she comes of the Lygian nation; but she has her own barbarian name, Callina. It is a wonderful house—that of those Plautiuses. There are many people in it; but it is as quiet there as in the groves of Subiacum. For a number of days I did not know that a divinity dwelt in the house. Once about daybreak I saw her bathing in the garden fountain; and I swear to thee by that foam from which Aphrodite rose, that the rays of the dawn passed right through her body. I thought that when the sun rose she would vanish before me in the light, as the twilight of morning does. Since then I have seen her twice; and since then, too, I know not what rest is, I know not what other desires are, I have no wish to know what the city can give me. I want not women, nor gold, nor Corinthian bronze, nor amber, nor pearls, nor wine, nor feasts; I want only Lygia.”

Thus did Vinicius, young Roman patrician of the time of Nero, announce his love for Lygia, daughter of a king, beautiful hostage from her nation, forgotten in the turmoil of the world-empire and brought up as a Roman girl.

Vinicius was speaking to his uncle Petronius, known to his own time as to us as Arbiter Elegantiarum, trained in all the art and beauty of Greece, wise, witty, and learned, gaily staking his life in his daily battle of wits with Tigellinus, who provided for the grosser desires of the tyrant Nero as Petronius did for his finer and more artistic ones.

It was a time when the conflicting tides of a pagan age sadly degenerate from the sturdy days of p e Ro virtues mingled with those of a cra n the world only heralded from

Judea. In the complicated threads of the picture of Rome, capital of the world, appear the figures of Peter and Paul, on their mission of spreading the new religion of Christ; Poppæa, wife of Nero, beautiful as a dream, but wicked as a nightmare; Eunice, the charming slave of Petronius; Chilo, wily Greek who can be Christian or pagan as profit leads him; Ursus, prodigious in his strength, simple as a child in his faith in Christ and his devotion to Lygia (from whom G. B. S. may have drawn a suggestion in *Androcles and the Lion*); and many minor folk who help to make the story stand out as unusually human among the numerous tales of Greco-Roman times.

When Vinicius told his uncle Petronius of his passion for Lygia, the latter thought nothing was easier than to provide his nephew with what he regarded as a new plaything; a word to Nero, who as emperor had all hostages in his care—summon the maiden to the palace—hand her over to the young patrician as her guardian—what more could be needed to satisfy every one's desires, especially as the maiden manifestly was pleased with Vinicius? But Petronius and his nephew reckoned without a new force that had entered into this Roman world. They could not understand a girl who fled from Nero's court and all its magnificence, fled even from the lover whom she loved. But "finally he understood this, which he and Petronius had not understood, that the new religion engrafted into the soul something unknown to that world in which he lived, and that Lygia, even if she loved him, would not sacrifice any of her Christian truths for his sake, and that, if pleasure existed for her, it was a pleasure different altogether from that which he and Petronius and Caesar's court and all Rome were pursuing. Every other woman whom he knew might become his mistress, but that Christian would only become his victim. And when he thought of this, he felt anger and burning pain, for he felt that his anger was powerless. To carry off Lygia seemed to him possible; he was even sure that he could do so, but he was equally sure that, in view of her religion, he himself with his bravery was nothing, that his power was nothing, and that through it he could effect nothing. That Roman military tribune, convinced that the power of the sword and the fist which had conquered the world, would command it forever, said for the first time in his life that beyond that power there might be something else; hence he asked himself with amazement what it was."

It is a very definite and concrete way that the author has chosen to show the power of the new religion over human lives. Struggle as he would, backed by birth, by wealth and all the beauty, charm, and allurements that wealth could bring, by the ingenuity and wit of Petronius, by the strong-arm methods of Croton, champion bruiser of his time, even by the force of the known world in Nero's sway, Vinicius could accomplish nothing if all he could win to himself was a mere unwilling body, while soul and spirit were beyond his grasp. And the maddening part to him was that he owed all his troubles to the teachings of a parcel of Jewish fishermen or their likes, or slaves or humble folk who had never before entered into serious consideration in the thoughts of a patrician like himself. It was a long struggle with him, and as the reader follows the various people of the story through their part of the action, he gets an admirable picture of Rome—Nero, tyrant, actor, and artist, with all his magnificence and all his debaucheries; the poor and humble in their crowded quarters of the great city; the delight of all the senses in the life led by Petronius; the lawless streets of Rome by night; the pursuit of Lygia by Vinicius and his hirelings, resulting in the death of his professional bruiser Croton at the hands of the faithful Ursus, and the disaster to Vinicius which led to his nursing back to health by the Christians; his meeting with Peter and Paul; the gradual opening of his eyes, physical and spiritual; his discovery of Christians everywhere, among the people, among his own slaves, among soldiers and officers, even in the very court of Nero. And the growing worry and astonishment of Petronius:

"'Vinicius, thou art losing sense, judgment, moderation,' exclaimed Petronius.

"'I love only her in the world,' responded Vinicius.

"'What of that?'

"'This, that I wish no other love. I have no wish for your life, your feasts, your shamelessness, your crimes.'

"'What is taking place in thee? Art thou a Christian?'

And then the great fire of Rome, set by Tigellinus, that Nero might not lack the experience of Priam, who had seen Troy burn; the wild ride of Vinicius from Antium to the capital in the hope of rescuing Lygia from the flames; the persecution of the Christians with the thought of throwing on them the rage of the people at the burning of the city; the singling out of Lygia by the hate of Poppæa

because Vinicius had spurned the Empress's proffered charms; the final rescue by a miracle of strength on the part of the ever-faithful Ursus, and the words of Vinicius to Peter:

"What thou commandest I will do."

"Love men as thy own brothers," answered the Apostle, "for only with love mayest thou serve Him."

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H. G. WELLS

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS, one of the most discussed living novelists, was born at Bromley, Kent, on September 21, 1866, the son of a famous professional cricket-player. His mother was an innkeeper's daughter who had been a lady's maid before her marriage. The boy had an irregular education, but he was quick to learn, and at the age of sixteen, after working as an attendant in a store, he secured a position as assistant in a grammar-school. He obtained a scholarship at London University, was graduated with high honors, and taught science in a private school.

In 1893 he began to write, doing articles for, and later becoming dramatic critic of, the "Pall Mall Gazette." He was already interested in social conditions and an untiring student of science. These two interests he combined in the series of romances that opened with "The Time Machine." In novels and short stories he created startling fantasies of the future, displaying his most abundant invention in "The War of the Worlds." He oftentimes discussed future wars in these stories and his forecasts were amazingly like what was seen on the battle-fields of Europe.

In the meantime he had been writing stories about contemporary life and books about social conditions. These he turned to more and more with the years. Of his later novels, bristling with wit and ideas, those that have been most widely read and discussed include "Kipps," "Tono-Bungay," "Ann Veronica," "The New Machiavelli," "Marriage," and "Joan and Peter," his latest novel. Most popular of all was "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," regarded by many as the best war novel written in English.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

By H. G. WELLS

Condensation by
ALFRED S. CLARK

WHAT I marvel at now, when I recall the days when the Martians were speeding earthward, is our unconcern. The skies were peopled with incredible evil, with unimaginably repulsive monsters armed with superhuman weapons. The catastrophic Things were hurtling on, covetous of our greener and warmer planet, and lovers wandered through English lanes, with no thought of the swift and scorching death above their heads.

Through a telescope, I had watched one of the colossal squirts of flame on the rim of the tiny red planet. It did not occur to me that these gaseous jets accompanied the firing of a mighty gun and had launched ten huge cylinders into space. Learning to ride a bicycle interested me more than eruptions on Mars. The planet seemed so remote. Forty million miles away!

Ogilvy, the astronomer, found the first messenger. He had seen it falling and supposed it a wandering meteorite, but its shape surprised him. It was cylindrical, fully thirty yards across the exposed face. It was so hot that he could not get near it. Then, to his utter amazement, the top began to unscrew. There was something in it, something alive! Not until then did he link it with the flashes on Mars.

Late that afternoon I saw the Martian. I was one of a curious crowd in front of the cylinder when the lid fell off. I peered into the black interior and fancied I saw shadows stirring. Then something like a snake wriggled into sight. I stood stricken with terror. A round body, about four feet across, pulled itself painfully to the opening.

I had expected to see something like a man, fantastic, perhaps, but two-legged. This thing was just an oily, leathery body, legless

and armless, with a chinless and noseless face. About the quivering mouth waved sixteen long tentacles. Two great eyes, dark and luminous, were mirrors for an extraordinary brain. The creature panted and heaved, weighed down by the greater pull of gravity on earth. An intense loathing came over me. Suddenly the monster toppled over into the pit. Then I ran, madly.

From a distance I watched the deputation that went out under a white flag. I saw three flashes of greenish light, and darts of fire leaped from one to another of the little figures. Even as I saw them touched with death, I did not realize what was happening. Suddenly I knew and again I ran.

People near by slept unconcernedly that night, although the heat rays had set half a dozen villas aflame and pine-trees were red torches. We were sure that these dangerous invaders were fatally sluggish. A well-aimed shell would finish them. And while we slept, the Martians were methodically rearing those mighty machines that were so soon to shatter our neat theories about their helplessness. That night another cylinder fell and eight more were driving on.

It was the next night that I saw the striding Martians. "Boilers on stilts," I heard them called later. I saw them by flashes of lightning and the glow of countless fires, clanking machines one hundred feet high, moving upon three gigantic legs like an exaggerated tripod, driving on with an express train's speed, smashing everything in their path. At the tops, crouched in metal hoods, lay the Martians.

Looking out from my windows at dawn, I beheld an abominable desolation, a blackened world that had been green and fair. I struck out for London and for miles saw not a living being. I had reached the Thames when I saw the Things coming, five of them. I ran for the water. Straight toward me sped one, but I might have been an ant in a man's path. It strode through the river and towered above Shepperton. Then six hidden guns belched together. One shell struck the hood and there was a horrible confusion of flesh and blood and metal. Something drove the uncontrolled machine on, crashing through the village, topping over the church tower, collapsing in the river. The others rushed to the spot and the air was filled with hissing of heat rays and crackling of flames. Shepperton leaped into flame. I staggered to the shore and when I looked up, the Things were bearing away the smashed machine.

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I stumbled on, panic-stricken, dazed. The world was doomed. These monsters could slay with heat rays beyond the range of our biggest guns. Not again could we kill one of them by surprise. Terror stalked through London. To the horror of heat rays had been added the black smoke, a cloud of poison that blighted all living things. So London streamed in flight, 6,000,000 people roaring out along the highways until they were like rivers in flood.

I fell into a doze under a hedge and there the curate joined me. He was half mad with fright and clung to me. We plodded on to a suburb where we sought refuge in a deserted house. At midnight came a blinding flash. When day broke, we peered through a peep-hole and in the garden was a Martian. Embedded in the earth was another glowing cylinder.

For fifteen days I was penned there, so I saw more of the monsters than any other man now living. I watched their intricate machines—the automatic digger, the sensitive handling-machine like a metallic spider—so flexible and so swiftly sure that they seemed centuries in advance of our rigid machinery. I could study, too, the Martian habits. I learned that evolution had made them all brain, cold, remorseless intelligences unswayed by emotion. They neither slept nor ate; they were sexless and their young were budded off, like the young of corals. Most horrible to me was the fact that they injected men's blood into their veins for nourishment.

It was this that drove me to act as I did when the curate went raving mad. I knew that his shouts would warn the Martians of our presence and I tried to silence him. He broke away and I caught him in the kitchen; where I felled him with a meat-chopper. He dropped, stunned, and then I saw two dark eyes at the window. I fled to the coal-cellar and above me I heard a tapping, tapping, and then the noise of a heavy body being dragged across the floor.

I piled wood and coal over me when I heard that tapping at the cellar door. Through crevices I could see the terrible arm of a handling-machine, waving, feeling, examining. Once it ran across the heel of my boot and I nearly screamed. Then it went away.

A week passed before I dared look out. About the peep-hole was massed quantities of the red weed that the Martians had brought—evidently vegetation on Mars is red. I pushed it aside and gazed out. The garden was deserted.

I crept into a desolate world. About me was a smashed village.

I struggled on through the outskirts of London, and not until I reached Wimbledon Common did I meet a man. He had food and drink and plans for the future, visions of a people living in the great drains until they had science enough to conquer their conquerors. I stayed with him until I had regained my strength and then walked into dead London.

The metropolis was stilled of all its humming life. Here and there were heaps of dead, withered by black smoke; here and there were signs of destruction, but it was little changed except for the horrible quiet. I was near South Kensington when I heard the mournful howling, "Ulla, ulla!" Not until the next day did I see the hood of the giant that was making this sobbing wail. He did not move, nor did three others that I saw, standing strangely still. Driven by fear, I resolved to end it all. I walked toward the Thing nearest me and saw birds circling about the hood, tearing at something within.

I scrambled hastily up a great rampart and below me was the Martian camp. They were all dead, nearly fifty of them, some in their machines and others prone upon the ground. They could conquer man, but they had fallen before man's most relentless foe, the disease bacteria of earth.

Whatever destruction was done, the hand of the destroyer was stayed. All the gaunt wrecks, the blackened skeletons of houses that stared so dismally at the sunlit grass of the hill, would presently be echoing with the hammers of the restorers and ringing with the tapping of the trowels. At the thought I extended my hands toward the sky and began thanking God. In a year, thought I—in a year. . . .

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HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, American writer, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. His earliest boyhood days were spent in Salem, but when he was fourteen years old the family moved to Maine. Here the young lad continued the solitary walks of which he was so fond, but in the wilderness, instead of the narrow streets of Salem. Even at this early date he had acquired a taste for writing, and carried a little blank-book in which he jotted down his notes.

After a year in Maine, Hawthorne returned to Salem to prepare for college. He amused himself by publishing a manuscript periodical, and at times speculated upon the profession he would follow in the future. He wrote to his mother, "I do not want to be a doctor and live by men's diseases, nor a minister to live by their sins, nor a lawyer to live by their quarrels. So I don't see that there is anything left for me but to be an author. How would you like, some day, to see a whole shelf of books written by your son with 'Hawthorne's Works' printed on their backs?"

For some years Hawthorne lived in Concord, Massachusetts, in the old Manse, and wrote "*Mosses from an Old Manse*," "*Twice Told Tales*" and "*Grandfather's Chair*." He joined the Brook Farm colony at West Roxbury, but found that the conditions there suited neither his taste nor his temperament, and he remained but one year.

On a European visit he spent some time in Italy, and during his stay there he sketched out one elaborate work, and prepared it for the press while living in Leamington, England. This was "*The Marble Faun*," the English edition of which was known as "*Transformation, or the Romance of Monte Beni*."

The sole idea of "*The Marble Faun*" is to illustrate the intellectually and morally awakening power of a sudden, impulsive sin committed by a simple, joyous, instinctive "natural man." The whole group of characters is imagined with a view to the development of this idea.

Some other stories of Hawthorne are "*The Blithedale Romance*," "*The Wonder Book*," "*The Snow Image*," "*Septimus Felton*" and "*The Dolliver Romance*" were left unfinished at the author's death. He died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, on the 19th of May, 1864, and five days later was buried at Sleepy Hollow, a beautiful cemetery at Concord where he used to walk under the pines when living at the old Manse. Over his grave is a simple stone, inscribed with the single word, "Hawthorne."

THE MARBLE FAUN

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Condensation by
REV. PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM, D.D.

FOUR individuals were standing in the Sculpture Gallery of the Capitol of Rome. Three of them were artists, and they had been simultaneously struck by a resemblance between one of the antique statues and a young Italian, the fourth member of their party.

"You must confess, Kenyon," said a dark-eyed young woman whom her friends called Miriam, "that you never chiseled out of the marble a more vivid likeness than this. Our friend Donatello is the very Faun of Praxiteles. Is it not true, Hilda?"

"Not quite—almost—yes, I really think so," replied Hilda, a slender New England girl whose perception of form was singularly clear.

"Donatello," said Miriam, "you are a veritable Faun. Shake aside those brown curls and let us see whether this resemblance includes furry ears."

"No, no! dearest Signorina," answered Donatello, "you must take my ears for granted," and he lightly tripped beyond the reach of her extended hand, only a moment later to come close to her and look into her face with appealing affection.

"You have bewitched the poor lad," said the sculptor, laughing. "That is a way of yours. I see another of your followers behind yon pillar, and his presence has aroused Donatello's wrath."

They had emerged from the palace, and there, partly concealed by a pillar in the portico, stood the wild figure of a bearded man.

"Miriam," whispered Hilda, "it is your model."

Miriam's model, as Hilda called him, had suddenly appeared a few weeks previously when the four friends were visiting one of the Catacombs. In the dark depths of the earth, amid the labyrinth of passageways, Miriam had been lost. Guided by the shouts of the

others, she had finally reappeared, accompanied by this strange and uncouth creature. And from that time on he continued constantly to haunt her footsteps, disappearing perhaps for days, only to return and glide like a shadow into her life. What hold he had on her or she on him remained unknown, enhancing the mystery, already deep, which hung about this beautiful woman.

One of Miriam's friends took the matter sadly to heart. This was the light-hearted faun-like Italian count, who seemed such a child of nature. He cherished against the mysterious stranger one of those instinctive antipathies which the lower animals sometimes display.

In the Medici Gardens the unwelcome creature had appeared among the trees just as Donatello was declaring his love for Miriam.

"I hate him," muttered Donatello as he caught sight of the sinister figure.

"Be satisfied; I hate him, too," said Miriam.

Whereupon Donatello had offered to clutch him by the throat, that they might be rid of him forever; and the woman had difficulty in restraining the gentle youth, whose hitherto light-hearted nature seemed suddenly suffused with rage.

But it was otherwise a few nights later on a moonlight ramble that a company of artists were enjoying among the ruins of old Rome. The four friends were of the party, which, after visiting many places, climbed the Capitoline Hill and stood on the Tarpeian Rock. It was bordered by a low parapet. They all bent over the railing and looked down. Miriam and Donatello stood together gazing into the moonlit depths. They were so absorbed with the scene and with each other that they did not notice the departure of their friends. Hilda had gone off with Kenyon, who had drawn her quietly away, and the others had departed in twos and threes, leaving Miriam behind alone with the Italian. But not entirely alone. Hilda had gone but a short way with the sculptor when she missed her friend and turned back. She reached the paved courtyard with the parapet just in time to witness unnoticed a tragic scene. Out of the shadows the familiar figure of Miriam's persecutor had appeared and approached her. There was a struggle beginning and ending in one breathless instant. Alone with it was a loud, fearful cry which quivered upward through the air and sank quivering down to the earth. Then a silence! Poor Hilda saw the whole quick

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pa sage of a dead w! ch t k l et that l ttle t me t grave t el f n t e eternal adamant She turned and fled unseen and the l v e s were indeed alone

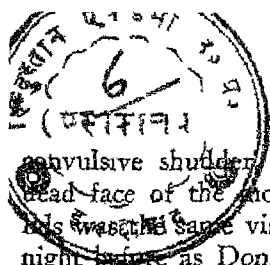
"What have you done?" said Miriam in a horror stricken whisper.

"I did what ought to be done to a traitor," Donatello replied, "what your eyes bade me do as I held the wretch over the precipice"

The last words struck Miriam like a bullet. Had her eyes indeed provoked, or assented to this deed? She had not known it. But, alas! thinking back, she could not deny that a wild joy had flamed up in her heart when she saw her persecutor in mortal peril. Yes, Donatello's had been the hand; but hers had been the look, except for which the hand had not been lifted.

She turned to her fellow-criminal, the youth so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom, and pressed him close, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their hearts together. "Yes, Donatello, you speak the truth," said she. "My heart consented. The deed knots us together like the coil of a serpent." They threw one glance at the heap of death below to assure themselves that it was not all a dream—then turned from the fatal precipice and made their way back into the city arm in arm and heart in heart.

An agreement had been entered into before the moonlight tragedy had taken place that the four friends should meet next morning in the Church of the Capuchins to study together Guido's famous picture of St. Michael and Satan. Thither at the hour agreed upon Miriam and Donatello turned their steps. Conscious of secret guilt, they were the more anxious to keep a casual engagement. But when they drew near the church Kenyon alone was waiting for them. Hilda had promised to be of the party, but she was not there. The three pushed back the heavy curtain and entered the nave, only to have their gaze arrested at once by a conspicuous object. On a slightly elevated bier lay the body of a dead monk, tall candles burning at his head and feet. The rigid figure was clad in the brown woolen frock of the Capuchins, with the hood drawn over the head, but so as to leave the features uncovered. Something seemed to act like a magnet upon Miriam. She passed between two of the lighted candles and looked down. "My God!" she murmured, "what is this?" She grasped Donatello's hand and felt it give a



convulsive shudder. No wonder that their blood curdled. The dead face of the monk gazing at them beneath its half-closed eyes was the same visage that had glared upon their naked souls the night before as Donatello had flung him over the precipice. What did it mean? Kenyon drew nearer, perceived their agitation, and started to say something. But Miriam laid her finger to her lips and quietly said, "Hush!" From the shadowy church the three emerged into the Roman sunlight, Kenyon to go in search of Hilda, but leaving a darker shadow still to settle down upon the lovers. The young Italian was petrified with horror. Miriam tried to cheer him, assuring him of her undying love. But she met with no response. They parted, almost as strangers, it being agreed that Donatello should seek his castle in the mountains.

Thither, in the summer, Kenyon went to pay a long-planned visit. He found the poor faun sadly changed. The idea of a life-long penance had taken firm possession of Donatello. He was intent on finding some method of self-torture. Kenyon, knowing now something of what had happened, arranged with Miriam that she should be in the public square of Perugia on a specified day, near the statue of Pope Julius. There the lovers met again. The sense of their mutual crime had stunned, but not destroyed the youth's affection. They needed one another. Kenyon cheered and encouraged them. Their two lives flowed together and the great bronze statue of the Pope, his hand outreached in a papal benediction, beneath which they had met, appeared to impart a blessing on their marriage.

So Kenyon went back to Rome to woo the gentle Hilda, whose sensitive soul was burdened by the knowledge of the awful guilt of her friends. The secret weighed upon her heavily. She sought the seclusion of great churches, and at last, Protestant though she was, she found relief by pouring out in the confessional at St. Peter's the story of the crime that she had witnessed.

But for Miriam and Donatello the end was not yet reached. The sense of sin had awakened in the faun-like youth what human love could not assuage. Miriam could not rid him of the idea that he must surrender himself to justice. Kenyon had glimpses of the pair now taking part in revelries, but again concealed behind habiliments of woe. In a desolate spot in the Campagna, Miriam at last disclosed the mystery surrounding her own past. It was the story of a marriage to be forced upon her from which her soul revolted. She

escaped, though not without unjust suspicions of a crime. Concealing her identity, she gave herself to art. Then, in the Catacombs, the man whom she loathed, half brute and half religious maniac, had reappeared, dogging her steps and threatening to disclose her to the world—with what catastrophe the sculptor knew.

As for Hilda and Kenyon, they went forward into happiness, their pure love consecrating all they did. But even as they plighted their troth to one another in the Pantheon before the tomb of Raphael, upon turning around they saw a kneeling figure on the pavement. It was Miriam, who reached out her hands in a blessing, but a blessing which seemed also to repel. As for Donatello, remorse eventually worked its way, and when heard of last he was in a dungeon as deep as that beneath the Castle of St. Angelo.

Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers.

BUNYAN

JOHAN BUNYAN was born at Elston, England, in November, 1628. His father was a rough tinker, but managed to send the boy to the village school. In the crude home, current religious notions were so vividly impressed upon the child's mind that he frequently had terrifying visions of evil spirits bearing him away to eternal torment.

At seventeen, he served for a year in the army. Two years later he married a woman whose only dowry was two religious books. They intensified his religious fervor. After a long and terrible spiritual struggle he conquered his sins, the worst of which were liking to ring the church-bell and dancing on the village green.

The spirit of preaching now lay such hold upon him that he attracted great crowds. In 1660 he was arrested as a Dissenter and thrown into the Bedford jail, where he spent the greater part of twelve years. He enjoyed occasional precarious freedom, and was allowed to preach to sixty other Dissenters in prison, but he worried much about his wife and four little children. Nevertheless, his confinement was a boon, for it gave him leisure for the thinking, out of which grew his incomparable "Pilgrim's Progress." He began to write it in jail, but it was not published until six years later. The irresistible charm of the thrilling, fairy-tale quality, combined with its "reverence for God and sympathy for man," won immense popularity at once.

The last years of his life were rich in activity and acclaim. He preached to great audiences in London and elsewhere, but remained simple and passionately earnest to his death in 1688.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By JOHN BUNYAN

Condensation by
BASIL KING

AS I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a Den and laid me down to sleep. As I slept I dreamed a dream. I saw a man clothed with rags, a book in his hand, and a burden on his back. Reading in the book, he broke out with a cry: "What shall I do to be saved?"

Going home, he opened his trouble to his wife and children, who at first pitied but presently chided him. This continuing for many days, he walked in the fields, where he saw coming to him a man named Evangelist, who advised him to flee the City of Destruction, which was to be burnt with fire and brimstone, and make for the City of Zion.

Then was there much ado in the family of Christian, for such was his name, that he should run from his home on a way which all knew to be perilous. Two of his neighbors did Christian implore to accompany him. The name of the one was Obstinate, that of the other Pliable. "What," cried Obstinate, "leave our friends and comforts behind us?" But Pliable went with him for a space, till they reached a quag named the Slough of Despond. Having wallowed here for a time Pliable, getting out on the side nearest to his home, turned back. But Christian struggling on alone, one Help came to his rescue and led him to solid ground.

Here as Christian was walking he espied afar off a Mr. Worldly Wiseman, of the town of Carnal Policy. To his questions as to where he would be going Christian replied that he sought means to be rid of the burden on his back. "Why, in yonder village, Morality," said the gentleman, "there dwells one whose name is Legality, and who hath a pretty young man, Civility, to his son. These will ease thee of thy burden." So saying he directed Chris-

tian to a high hill, the which, on his reaching it, bent over so much that it was like to fall on and bury him.

Now Christian began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel; whereupon he again saw Evangelist, who encouraged him to go back and seek the Gate for which he had been making when urged to go out of the way. So in process of time Christian got up to this Gate, over which was written, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." He knocked, therefore, and one named Good-will came to answer.

Then did Christian recite the perils through which he had come in seeking to be rid of his burden. "Be content to bear it," said Good-will, "until thou come to the place of deliverance, for there it will fall off of itself."

So was he sent on his way again, walking along a road which ended in a cross and a sepulcher. I saw in my dreams that as he came up with the cross his burden loosed from his back till it fell into the sepulcher, where I saw it no more.

Then Christian gave three leaps for joy and went on singing, coming to the hill Difficulty. About midway to the top of this hill was an arbor in which he sat him down to rest, but soon fell asleep. Losing under the settle the roll in which he had begun to read, he started hastily, when he awoke, on his way again. At the top of the hill there met him two men running amain. These were Mistrust and Timorous, who warned him to go back, since there were lions in the way. Then was Christian in a great quandary, since to go back to his own city would mean to be burnt with fire and brimstone, while to go on would be to risk death at the mouths of lions. Thus troubled, he sought comfort in reading in his roll, but, lo! it was not in his bosom.

Then was much time lost while Christian returned to the arbor to find his book; but while he was thus bewailing his miscarriage he lifted up his eyes and saw a stately palace, the name of which was Beautiful. Here dwelt the damsels Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who made Christian welcome, laying him in the chamber called Peace. Next day they showed him the armory of their house, as well as such ancient treasures as Moses' rod, the hammer and nail with which Jael slew Sisera, and the jaw-bone with which Samson did mighty feats. Likewise did they take him up to the top of their house and bid him look at the pleasant countries of the Delec-

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table Mountains and Emmanuel's Land. When thou comest there sa d they thou mayst see the Gate of the Celestial City.

Going on thence, he entered the Valley of Humiliation, where met him the foul fiend, Apollyon. Apollyon claiming Christian as his subject, the latter could in no wise deny the fact, seeing that he had been born in the City of Destruction, over which the monster ruled. Nevertheless, Christian renounced his allegiance to this wicked prince, claiming that he had sworn himself to the King of Princes, who dwelt in the City of Zion. Then ensued a dreadful fight between Christian and the fiend, during which the fiend was like to have worsted the pilgrim had it not been for the weapons furnished him from their armory by the fair damsels in the Castle Beautiful. The battle being over, there came a hand with some of the leaves of the Tree of Life, wherewith Christian stanch'd his wounds.

Now at the end of this valley was another still more dread, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. On its right was a very deep ditch into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, while on the left was a dangerous quag, the which if even a good man were to fall into it he could find no bottom for his foot to stand on. Good Christian was the more put to it, seeing that the pathway was exceeding narrow, and as he went on he sighed bitterly. About the middle of this valley was there also the mouth of Hell, out of which came dismal flame and smoke. When the fiends came up to this entrance he cried out in a vehement voice, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God," wherewith they gave back.

Having passed through this valley, he came up with his friend Faithful, who had, though Christian knew it not, followed him out of the City of Destruction. Then was there much discourse between the two pilgrims as to the perils through which they had come, with Faithful telling of his escape from Madame Wanton, as well as from the old man with the three daughters, the Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eyes, and the Pride of Life. Also did Faithful tell of his encounters with Arrogancy, Pride, and Worldlyglory. But the worst of them all was with Shame, a bold-faced fellow who would never have done speaking against all good men and things.

Then I saw in my dream that they presently came to the town of Vanity, where is a fair kept called Vanity Fair. Here is there at all times such noise and folly, with the buying and selling of such

foolish wares as have given the town its fame. The people of the fair, taking the pilgrims for outlandish men and bedlams, made a great gazing at them. Likewise were they not a little amused that Christian and Faithful, setting very light by all their merchandise, did speak exhortingly. Much hubbub did follow thereon, during which the pilgrims were cast into jail. At a convenient time they were brought forth to trial before the Lord Hategood, witness being given against them by such base fellows as Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. Among the jurors were Mr. Nogood, Mr. Malice, Mr. Lovelust, and such like, by whom good Faithful was condemned. After much persecution they burned him to ashes at the stake, whereat I saw in my dream that a chariot with horses carried him up to the Celestial Gate by the nearest way.

As for Christian, He that overrules all things released him from prison, so that he went on his way in company with one Hopeful, who had followed him from that town. Soon they came to a great fortress called Doubting Castle, the owner of which was Giant Despair, who took them prisoners. Now Giant Despair had to his wife a woman named Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed he told her what he had done, to wit that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and asked her what he should do with them. Her counsel was that he should advise them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come he goes to them with a very surly manner, telling them that, as they were never like to get out of his dungeon, they should end themselves with knife, halter, or poison. When they desired him to let them go he looked very ugly upon them, and, rushing at them, had doubtless made an end to them himself, but that he fell in a fit to which he was subject, and lost the use of his hand.

Thus escaping from Giant Despair, they came to the Delectable Mountains, where met them certain shepherds, Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, who took them by the hand and led them to their tents. Also did they lead them forth to the top of a hill called Clear, from the which they might spy the Celestial Gate through a perspective glass.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian and Hopeful, going down the mountains, and passing through the country of Conceit, got over to a land called the Enchanted Ground, and thus into the country of Beulah, whose air was sweet. Their way lying directly through it,

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they solaced themselves there, listening to the singing of birds and seeing the flowers appear in the earth.

Here they had a distant view of the City of Zion, which was built of pearls and precious stones, and the street paved with gold. Also I saw that as they went on there met them two men in raiment that shone. "You have but two difficulties more to meet," said they, "and then you are in the City."

Now I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was the River of Death. There was no bridge to go over it, and the river was deep. At sight thereof the pilgrims were much stunned, asking if there was no other way. Being told there was none, they addressed themselves to the water.

Having entered it, Christian began to sink; but Hopeful cried, "Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom." But as for Christian, a great darkness and horror fell upon him, in which he was troubled by hobgoblins and evil spirits. Hopeful, therefore, had much ado to keep his friend's head above water, repeating to him the words of the roll, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with you." Thus after much struggle they got over.

Now the City stood on a mighty hill; but up that hill the pilgrims went with ease because they had two Shining Ones to lead them. Also had they left their mortal garments behind them in the flood. "You are going now," said the Shining Ones, as they climbed, "to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the Tree of Life and eat of the fruits thereof." And while they were drawing toward the gate behold a company of the Heavenly Host came out to meet them, some before, some behind, and some on the right and left, continually sounding as they went with melodious noises, so that the sight was as if Heaven itself had come down to meet them.

Now I saw in my dream that these two pilgrims went in at the gate, and, lo! as they entered, they were transfigured, and had raiment given them that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and all the bells in the City rang for mirth, while it was said, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord." Now just as the gates were open to let the men in I looked in after them, and behold the City shone like the sun. In the streets walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden harps to sing praises withal. After that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen it, I wished myself among the Redeemed.

As I was in my dream, I saw that Christiana, she that was wife to Christian, was much broken by her ungodly carriages to the good man who had now come to the Celestial City. Calling to remembrance his restless groans and brinish tears, she resolved to go after him. With that her four boys fell to weeping and cried that they would go with her. On this one came to her house and said, "Christiana, here is a letter for thee which I have brought from thy husband's King." She found that it smelled after the manner of the best perfume and was written in letters of gold. Henceforth she carried it in her bosom, reading to herself and her children till they had got most of it by rote of heart.

So she likewise went out on her journey to the Celestial City, passing through trials similar to those of her good man, and guided by one Mr. Greatheart. Though many dissuaded her, such as Mrs. Timorous, Mrs. Lightmind, Mrs. Love-the-flesh, Mrs. Know-nothing, and Madame Bubble, yet pressed she on, arriving like good Christian himself at the River of Death. Here, when she was come, the road was thronged with people to see her cross. All the banks, too, beyond the river were full of horses and chariots which were come down from above to accompany her to the City gate. So, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed, she entered the river. The last words she was heard to utter were, "Lord, I come to be with thee."

Then her children and friends returned to their place, for that those who waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. But she went in and entered at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that had welcomed good Christian before her.

BULWER-LYTTON

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER, more familiarly known to novel readers as Bulwer-Lytton, was born in London, May 25, 1803. He was more of a prodigy in his youth and had a much more public career than most men who have achieved fame as novelists. At the age of fifteen he distinguished himself by publishing a volume of poems and by falling so violently in love that he became highly morbid when his proposal of marriage was not taken seriously by the father of the girl he loved. She died a few years later, and Bulwer said that the disappointment embittered his whole life. At Cambridge, he won a medal for the excellence of a poem and published another book of verse.

In 1827 he had sufficiently recovered from his premature love-affair to marry, against his mother's wishes, a brilliant beauty of society. The marriage was doomed from the outset to be unhappy, for both Bulwer and his wife were too unrestrained to live together. They quarreled, were legally separated, and continued to quarrel in print for years.

Bulwer was rapidly winning renown. His first novels were successes, but it was not until "The Last Days of Pompeii" (1834) that his fame was assured. Nine years later appeared "The Last of the Barons," which many good judges have considered his best work. He wrote numerous other stories, novels of society, of crime, of mysteries, of family life. He was the most successful dramatist of his time. He dabbled in journalism. For ten years he was a member of Parliament, was later secretary for the colonies, and in 1866 was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton. He died on January 18, 1873.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

By EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

Condensation by

PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

“**G**LAUCUS the Athenian, thy time has come,’ said a loud and clear voice; ‘the lion awaits thee.’

“‘I am ready,’ said the Athenian. He had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised on high, in the faint hope that one well-directed thrust might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe.

“But to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal. At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient sighs; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape; once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on failing, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. It evinced no sign either of wrath or of hunger; its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides; and its eye, though it wandered at times to Glaucus, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

“The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion soon grew into resentment at its cowardice; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment. The manager called to the keeper:

“‘How is this? Take a goad, prick him forth, and then close the door of the den.’

As the keeper with some fear but more astonishment was preparing to obey a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena there were on a sudden, a bustle, voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced at the reply. All eyes turned in wonder toward the quarter of the disturbance; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled, breathless, heated, half exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily around the ring. 'Remove the Athenian,' he cried, 'haste, he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian: *he* is the murderer of Apæcides!'

"Art thou mad, O Sallust!" said the prætor, rising from his seat. 'What means this raving?'

"Remove the Athenian! Quick! or his blood be on your head. Prætor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the emperor! I bring with me the eye-witness to the death of the priest Apæcides. Room there! Stand back! Give way! People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces. There he sits! Room there for the priest Calenus!"

"Pale, haggard, fresh from the jaws of famine and of death, his face fallen, his eyes dull as a vulture's, his broad frame gaunt as a skeleton, Calenus was supported into the very row in which Arbaces sat. His releasers had given him sparingly of food; but the chief sustenance that nerved his feeble limbs was revenge!

"The priest Calenus! Calenus!" cried the mob. 'Is it he? No, it is a dead man!'

"It is the priest Calenus," said the prætor, gravely. 'What hast thou to say?'

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apæcides, the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me, it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine, that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime! Release the Athenian—*he* is innocent!"

"It is for this, then, that the lion spared him. A miracle! a miracle!" cried Pansa.

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people. 'Remove the Athenian. *Arbaces to the lion!*'

"The power of the prætor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind; still, at his word the guards had drawn themselves along the lower benches, on which the upper classes sat separate from the vulgar.

They made but a feeble barrier; the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom! In despair, and in a terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd, when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition; he beheld, and his craft restored his courage!

"He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

"Behold!" he shouted with a voice of thunder which stilled the roar of the crowd; 'behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!'"

The fires of the "avenging Orcus" were those of the great eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79. Toward such a melodramatic climax, furnished him by nature, the author had been spinning the lives of his characters in the little city which nestled under the shadow of the volcano.

The converging threads of the story are many, giving in the final weaving a complete picture of the life of Pompeii—its shops, tiny palaces, baths, forum, theater, circus, and all that daily took place in the energetic life of this toy copy of Rome at the beginning of the Christian era. The story centers around Glaucus the Athenian, brilliant, gay, witty descendant of a nobler race frivolling himself away amid the coarser pleasures of the Romans, until finally all that was fine in him was brought forth by his love for Ione of Naples, who, like himself, was a child of Greece. And alongside this tale of love runs the pathetic story of Nydia, the blind slave girl, who centers all her hopes of happiness in winning the affection of Glaucus. To this end she gains possession of a love potion which the opulent Julia has had prepared in the belief that it will bring to her the much-desired Glaucus. In reality the potion is a poison which will drive the unfortunate drinker mad. It is designed by the sinister Egyptian Arbaces to clear his path to Ione from his rival Glaucus. In his raving, Glaucus comes upon Arbaces just as the latter has killed Ione's brother Apæcides, a young priest of Isis, who, much to the annoyance of Arbaces, has embraced the new Christian faith. Arbaces throws the guilt upon poor Glaucus with apparent success.

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But the priest Calenus was a hidden witness, with the final result shown in the great episode of the book. As the crowd in the circus turned their eyes toward Vesuvius they beheld "a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare. Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at one another, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theater trembled, and beyond in the distance they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheater itself, far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower! No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other."

It was save himself who could in that night of horrors. Of the many episodes seen in the flashes of light was that of blind Nydia guiding Glaucus to Ione, and then leading both to safety, she the only one at home in the darkness in which she had always lived. And then, when they had gained a ship and put to sea and all but Nydia had fallen into exhausted slumber, "May the gods bless you, Athenian!" she murmured. "May you be happy with your beloved one; may you sometimes remember Nydia!"

A sailor, half dozing on the deck, heard a slight splash on the waters. Drowsily he looked up, and believed, as the vessel merrily bounded on, he fancied he saw something white above the waves.

CONAN DOYLE

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE was born on May 22, 1859, in Edinburgh, and died on July 8, 1930. His father, Charles Doyle, was an artist of fantastic imagination. The boy went to Stonyhurst College, studied in Germany, and returned to take his degree at Edinburgh University in 1885. He signed as ship's doctor for a two years' whaling trip in the Arctic, traveled in West Africa, and finally settled as a doctor in Southsea. His restless imagination found constant expression in short stories. Sherlock Holmes made his first appearance in "*A Study in Scarlet*" (1887) but won his immense popularity in "*The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*." The original of the genius-detective was Doctor Bell of Edinburgh University. The popular hero lived again in "*The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*," "*The Hound of the Baskervilles*," and "*The Return of Sherlock Holmes*."

Doctor Doyle drew abundantly from historical sources for his novels and plays. "*The White Company*," a stirring romance, first introduced Sir Nigel as an old man. In 1905 his youth was portrayed in the book named for him.

Conan Doyle served in a field-hospital in the South African war, wrote two books in defense of the British army in the war, and was knighted in 1902. He wrote a three-volume history of the Great War.

SIR NIGEL

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Condensation by
ALICE G. GROZIER

EVIL times fell upon England in the year 1348, when the great plague devastated the land. It was during this period that the story of Sir Nigel takes place.

The house of Loring, like many another noble family, felt the heavy hand of misfortune; for after the Barons' War and lawsuits with Waverly Abbey the men of the Church and the men of the law left nothing but the manor of Tilford for the remaining members of the family, Lady Ermyntrode and her grandson Nigel.

Nigel Loring came of a race of heroes, his grandfather having fallen at the battle of Stirling, and his father in the sea fight of Sluys. Nigel, his veins thrilling with the blood of a hundred soldiers, was filled with the desire for adventure and combat; having been trained at the desire of his grandmother in skill at arms and courage, he became also a daring rider. At times a fierce bitterness assailed Nigel at the thought of the wrongs done by the Abbot of Waverly, whom he believed had robbed the Lorings of much of their estate.

On the first day of May, the Festival of the Apostles Philip and James, consternation reigned at the Abbey when it was found that a large pike had eaten the carp in Abbot John's fish-pond, Nigel being accused of putting the pike in the pond. Abbot John and the sacrist, Brother Samuel, were in consultation upon the subject when they were rudely interrupted by a buzz of excitement among the monks in the cloister. A white-faced brother flung open the door and, rushing into the room, cried, "Father Abbot, alas, alas, Brother John is dead, and the subprior is dead, and the Devil is loose in the five-virgate field!"

Now what the brother called the "Devil" was a great yellow horse, held at the Abbey for the debt of his owner, Franklin Ayl-

ward; such a horse, it was said, was not to be found betwixt the Abbey and the king's stables at Windsor.

It was a sorry day that brought the horse to the Abbey, for no one there could be found who would or could ride him or conquer him; he had indeed nearly killed the Brother and the subprior.

Abbot John and the monks, intent upon seeing, with their own eyes, this terrible creature, hurried down the stairs and gained the wall of the meadow, where, looking over its top, they beheld the magnificent horse standing fetlock-deep in the meadow grass. Upon this wild scene there arrived, riding his pony, the young Squire Loring, small of stature, but with muscles of steel and a soul of fire; his face, though tanned with the weather, was delicate of feature. His whole appearance made him a mark for the sight of any passer-by, but at the first glance the brown face set in its golden hair and beard, and the daring light of the quick, reckless, laughing eyes, made the one strong memory left behind.

The horse was at the moment trampling his latest victim, and Nigel, springing from his pony, was over the wall and at battle with the creature, proving himself master. Some discussion arose among the monks as to the killing of the yellow horse, or the giving him to Nigel as a punishment; the last suggestion finally won, and Nigel proceeded to further subdue the heretofore untamable creature called Pommers.

The horse tried to unseat his rider, but Nigel held fast and at last they were over the four-foot gate and away. Then took place the most notable ride ever known to that part of the world, and the author's description recording it is a gem worth reading; also it is the key to Nigel's whole character. A nearly forgotten ballad upon the subject has the following refrain:

The Doe that sped on Hinde Head,
The Kestrel on the winde,
And Nigel on the Yellow Horse
Can leave the world behinde.

After a long battle of wills the horse was broken and conquered; he fell in the heather with a sobbing sigh, throwing his rider over his head, stunned. The young squire was first to recover and, kneeling by the panting, overwrought horse, he gently passed his hand over the foam-flecked face, and the whinnying Pommers thrust his nose into the hollow of Nigel's hand.

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"You are my horse, Pommers," Nigel whispered, and laid his cheek against the craning head. "I know you, Pommers, and you know me, and with the help of Saint Paul we shall teach some other folk to know us both."

The monks of Waverly Abbey held Nigel for debts and wrongs against them and he was haled before the Abbot for trial, was judged guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment; but when they would have restrained him Nigel drew his sword, which angered the Abbot, who charged his bowman to draw his bow and defend Holy Church and her decrees. Tragedy was imminent, when Samkin Aylward, a famous archer, came to Nigel's rescue, at once attaching himself to the young squire's service, and afterward following him into many dangers.

Into the midst now came a man whose appearance dominated the scene. This was the famous soldier, John Chandos, with a message to Nigel Loring. Said Chandos, "He who comes to seek the shelter of your roof is your liege lord and mine, the King's high majesty, Edward of England."

While a guest at Tilford Abbey, Chandos's stories filled the mind and heart of Nigel with a stronger desire than ever for adventure, and he begged to go as Chandos's squire, under the standards of the King, Edward of England, to which Chandos assented.

Nigel made his arrangements for leaving home; they were few and simple, for he had only his Pommers, his loyal Sam Aylward, and at last his long-wished-for suit of armor and a small amount of gold.

There was, however, one visit must be made before leaving home, and that was to see Mary, the daughter of the old Knight of Duplin, living in the castle at Cosford. Mary of the grave eyes of brown looking bravely at the world; the one whom Nigel loved.

At the shrine of St. Catherine, Nigel and Mary said their farewells, and the young squire vowed to perform three noble deeds of valor in her honor ere he came to see his Mary again; but that no thought of her should stand 'twixt him and this honorable achievement.

Nigel sought constantly for some deed to perform and lesser ones came to hand frequently, but it was not until he was at Winshelsea, with Chandos, that his first great opportunity came.

It was found that the plans of the attack upon the French at

Calais by the prince's army had been stolen, and it was suspected that a cunning, daring Frenchman, called the "Red Ferret," had taken them and was then already on his way across the Channel. Nigel started in pursuit with Aylward and other followers. After a long chase and a hard-fought battle, Nigel caught the Red Ferret and saved the English plans; but as his enemy was so gallant a man Nigel begged his life of the king and so saved him. He sent the Ferret to Mary at Cosford, with the message that the first deed was accomplished.

Nigel then stormed the famous castle of La Brohiniere, where lived the knight called the "Butcher of Brohiniere," who was said never to let a prisoner escape alive from his castle. Here, at great risk of his own life, Nigel rescued not only his man Sam Aylward and other comrades, but a young Frenchman, who later, however, died, praising his rescuer. Then news of the second deed was sent to Mary of Cosford.

Nigel had followed on with John Chandos into Brittany when the third deed was found. There had been hot, furious fighting, and Nigel, riding Pommers, plunged forward, unseating and taking captive one of the enemy. Having the Frenchman at his mercy, Nigel might have killed him at once, or held him for ransom, but he had made a gallant fight, and out of admiration and pity the young squire spared his life and let him go, only to discover later that he had had at his mercy none other than King John of France.

When the prince heard the story from King John himself he exclaimed, "For my part, I had rather have the honor this squire has gathered than all the richest ransoms of France." Whereupon the prince with his sword touched Nigel's shoulder as he knelt before him, and said, "England has lost a brave squire and gained a gallant knight! Nay, linger not. Rise up, Sir Nigel." And a third message went to Mary.

Two months later Nigel arrived at Cosford, and, kissing Mary's welcoming hand, he said, "Saint Catherine has brought me home!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh on August 15, 1771. His father was a lawyer, the first of the Scott line to leave the open country for the town.

For a man who wrote such a prodigious amount, Scott was surprisingly late in getting started. He was thirty-four years old when his first original work appeared, "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*." From that moment until his death, on September 21, 1832, he was, with the possible exception of Byron, the most popular writer in English.

When the public seemed to be tiring of his long romances in verse, he turned to novel-writing, and in 1814, when he was forty-three, he came into his career of greatness with "*Waverley*." For eighteen years novel after novel followed in rapid succession, stirring romances of history or colorful tales of Scottish life. They were all published anonymously until the financial disaster of 1825 made it seem wise to reveal the author's name.

Fully a dozen of the *Waverley* Novels, if not more, might be included in any list of one hundred novels, and many loyal lovers of Scott would even then think that one or two more might be added. He was, as Stevenson remarked, "the king of the romantics."

"*Waverley*," "*Ivanhoe*," "*The Heart of Midlothian*," and "*Kenilworth*" are representative of Scott at his best. But "*Old Mortality*," "*Quentin Durward*," "*The Talisman*," "*Guy Mannering*," "*The Fortunes of Nigel*," "*The Antiquary*," "*St. Ronan's Well*," "*Rob Roy*," and, indeed, others have all been ranked as favorites among the innumerable admirers of the romances written by "the Wizard of the North."

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

Condensation by
THURMAN L. HOOD

THE Heart of Midlothian, by many called the finest of the Waverley Novels, was published anonymously in 1818. It takes its name from the Tolbooth, or old city jail, in Edinburgh (pulled down in 1815), the "stony heart" of Midlothian, which reared its ancient front in the very middle of the High Street of the city.

On the afternoon of September 8, 1736, Reuben Butler, assistant-master of the school at Libberton, and licensed minister of the Gospel, found himself in unexpected trouble. First of all, he had become entangled with the crowd of good citizens of Edinburgh in the Grassmarket, murmuring at the postponement of the execution of Captain John Porteous of the City Guard. They were still in the heat of anger from the events of the preceding day, when Porteous had ordered his men to fire, and had fired himself, upon the crowd, some of whom were attempting to cut down the body of "Scotch" Wilson, the famous smuggler. Several innocent citizens had been killed. Now that the chief offender seemed likely to escape, there was no knowing what the mob might do. The quiet young pedagogue would gladly have returned to Libberton. Then, to his consternation, he learned that Effie Deans, the younger and more charming sister of his sweetheart Jeanie Deans, was imprisoned in the Tolbooth.

When he had last seen Effie, more than a year before, she had been a beautiful and blooming girl, the lily of St. Leonard's. Many a traveler past her father's cottage had stopped his horse on the eve of entering Edinburgh, to gaze at her as she tripped by him, with her milk-pail poised on her head, bearing herself so erect, and stepping so light and free under her burden that it seemed rather an

ornament than an incumbrance. Now the poor girl, scarce eighteen years of age, lay in the Tolbooth, charged with child-murder.

The facts were that after working for a time in a shop in Edinburgh, the unhappy prisoner had disappeared for the space of a week, and then made her appearance before her sister at St. Leonard's in a state that had rendered Jeanie only too certain of her misfortune. But to all questions she had remained mute as the grave, until the officers of justice had come to apprehend her.

Before Reuben Butler could see her the Tolbooth was closed, and before he could escape from the city a crowd of rioters compelled him to return with them to the jail and administer the last rites to Porteous, whom they dragged forth to death.

The leader of the mob, a young man disguised in woman's clothes, seized a moment in the midst of the turmoil in the jail to beg Effie to escape. "For God's sake—for your own sake—for my sake—flee, or they'll take your life," was all that he had time to say.

The girl gazed after him for a moment, and then, faintly muttering, "Better tyne life, since tint is gude fame," she sank her head upon her hand, and remained, seemingly, as unconscious as a statue, of the noise and tumult which passed around her.

In the morning, on his way to see Jeanie and her father at St. Leonard's, Butler encountered in the King's park a young man of noble bearing, but strangely agitated, who bade him "tell Jeanie Deans that, when the moon rises, I shall expect to meet her at Nicol Muschat's Cairn, beneath Saint Anthony's chapel."

After attempting in vain to induce Jeanie to explain the message, he returned to visit Effie again, in the Tolbooth, only to be compelled, on his arrival there, to tell the whole story, lest he be convicted of guilt in the Porteous affair. And then he was sent home, under bail not to leave Libberton, nor to communicate with any member of the family of Effie Deans.

But if his experiences were to him incomprehensible, they were by no means so to the authorities. By piecing together his testimony with that of others, they rightly determined that the stranger in the King's park, the leader of the Porteous mob, and the father of Effie's child were one and the same person, namely, Geordie Robertson, comrade of Wilson the smuggler, and but lately escaped from the very prison in which Effie Deans was now confined. Accordingly, they planned to capture him that night at Muschat's Cairn. But

before they could reach that place, Robertson had time to beg Jeanie to save her sister at the trial by testifying that Effie had disclosed to her her condition. Then he escaped.

Merely that slight falsehood would have removed the case of Effie Deans from under the letter of the cruel Scotch statute. But Jeanie, steadfastly, devoutly truthful, was utterly unable to placate her conscience in bearing false witness. Nor could the disappointment of Effie herself, whom she was at last permitted to visit in the strong-room of the prison, alter her resolution. "He wanted that I suld be mansworn," she said. "I told him that I daurna swear to an untruth."

At the trial, when Jeanie was brought in to testify, Effie, in human weakness, cried, "O Jeanie, Jeanie, save me!" But when the solemn oath—"the truth to tell, and no truth to conceal, as far as she knew or was asked," was administered "in the name of God, and as the witness should answer to God at the great day of judgment," Jeanie, educated in deep reverence for the name of the Deity, was elevated above all considerations save those which she could, with a clear conscience, call Him to witness. And when the advocate came at length to the point of asking her, "what your sister said ailed her when you inquired," Jeanie could only answer, "Nothing." When the sentence was pronounced by the Doomsman, Effie's own eyes were the only dry ones in the court. "God forgive ye, my Lords," she said, "and dinna be angry wi' me for wishin' it—we a' need forgiveness."

The next morning found Jeanie Deans traveling alone and afoot on the long road to London "to see the Queen's face that gives grace," and beg for her sister's pardon. Her tartan screen served all the purposes of a riding-habit, and of an umbrella; a small bundle contained such changes of linen as were absolutely necessary. She had a few guineas, and a letter from Reuben Butler to the Duke of Argyle, whose grandfather had been under obligations of the deepest to the famous Bible Butler, grandfather of the poor assistant-school-master, now sick at Libberton.

She passed luckily, on the whole, through so weary and dangerous a journey, and at length, through the intercession of the duke, secured the pardon which she sought.

Before she reached Scotland again, Effie had eloped with her lover, who was in reality George Staunton, son of an English noble-

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man. The sisters, who had last met when Effie was sitting on the bench of the condemned, did not meet again for many years, though Lady Staunton wrote sometimes to Jeanie—now Mrs. Butler, wife of Mr. Reuben Butler, pastor of Knocktarlitie.

Finally, by chance, Sir George learned that Meg Murdockson, who had attended Effie in her illness, had not murdered the child, as they had always supposed. He traced the boy to a certain troop of vagabonds, of which Black Donald was the chief. In an affray with Black Donald's men, Sir George was shot by a young lad called "the Whistler," who proved to be the lost son. The lad disappeared and escaped to America. Lady Staunton, overcome by the tragedy, after vain efforts to drown her grief in society, retired to a convent in France. Although she took no vows, she remained there until her death. But her influence at court accomplished much for the children of her sister Jeanie, who lived happily on in the good parish with which the bounty of the Duke of Argyle had provided her husband.

The Heart of Midlothian is notable for having rather fewer important characters, a smaller variety of incidents, and less description of scenery than most of Scott's novels. One of the most remarkable scenes in all fiction is the meeting of the two sisters in prison under the eyes of the jailer Ratcliffe. The interview of Jeanie with Queen Caroline is also most noteworthy. There is much humor at the expense of the Cameronian wing of the Presbyterian faith in Scotland. In this work also appears the strange character of Madge Wildfire, daughter of the old crone, Meg Murdockson. Into her mouth is put the famous song, "Proud Maisie is in the wood."

JAMES LANE ALLEN

JAMES LANE ALLEN, who lived much in New York City since 1886, had the good fortune to spend his boyhood in a country of surpassing loveliness. He was born on December 21, 1850, near Lexington, Kentucky, on the old Allen estate, where his father settled in the wilderness days. The sheer charm of the blue-grass region seems to have woven itself into the nature of the boy, who was destined to paint so many exquisite word-pictures of it.

Mr. Allen took his bachelor's and master's degrees in the old Transylvania University, founded by Kentucky pioneers. He was compelled by the failure in his father's fortune to begin to teach at once, in public and private schools. He later became professor in Latin and higher English at Bethany College. He never married. In 1886 he definitely forsook academic pursuits, went to New York City, and devoted himself to writing. By 1918 he had published seventeen books. "Flute and Violin," a collection of short stories, appeared in 1891. "The White Cowl" has brought many pilgrims to its scene, the Abbey of Gethsemane, an exquisite bit of old France, near Louisville. In "Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath" (1895-96) Mr. Allen first really proved his power. Well known among his later books are "The Reign of Law," "The Mettle of the Pasture," and "The Bride of the Mistletoe." His novel "The Choir Invisible," written in 1897, is perhaps the most "vibrant with the passion of beauty and pain" of any of his books.

He died on February 18, 1925.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

Condensation by
SARA WARE BASSETT

FEW writers of American fiction are better qualified to present the early history of Kentucky than is James Lane Allen, himself a native of the Blue Grass State.

He chose as his setting for *The Choir Invisible* that picturesque period during Washington's administration when the Mississippi was just being opened for navigation, and great tides of pioneers were migrating through the Alleghany highway to settle the sparsely populated regions of the West and South.

Lexington, Kentucky, chancing to be directly in the path of one tributary of this current, received not only many of those who were abandoning the cities of the coast for the untried territory of a newer land, but also others who, having tested out the Utopian Western country and left there health, wealth, and dreams of success, were returning broken-hearted to the homes from which they had come.

Hence in Lexington one encountered persons of every class. There were students from William and Mary College, voyageurs traveling for adventure, traders, the gentler bred English colonist from Virginia, homesteaders, and even an occasional group of friendly Indians.

It was a heterogeneous populace, high of courage and strong of fortitude, that amid clearing in forest and canebrake laid the foundation of this fine old Southern city; a populace not to be daunted by discomfort, privation, or unceasing toil.

The heroes and heroines who thus sacrificed their lives on the altar of civilization have, the author tells us, long since joined "the choir invisible of the immortal dead," but they have left behind them a heritage that has come down to us through the centuries.

The chief character of the story is John Gray, the master in

the little log schoolhouse, and we have a charming glimpse of him, "a young fellow of powerful build, lean, muscular, wearing simply but with gentlemanly care a suit of black which was relieved around his wrists and neck by linen, snow-white and of the finest quality." He had a handsome head covered with thick red hair, we are told, and was a man of such integrity as to render him a worthy descendant "from one of Cromwell's unconquerable, hymn-singing army."

We therefore are not surprised to find him holding himself aloof from the follies of the time, and seeking out the comradeship of those to whom the finer and nobler things of life appeal. Yet is he very human—a creature of anger, passion, and a multitude of moods. Moreover, it is quite consistent with his character that he should fall in love with a woman whom he idealizes, Amy Falconer, who "was perhaps the first beautiful girl of aristocratic birth ever seen in Kentucky, and the first of the famous train of those who for a hundred years since have wrecked or saved the lives of men." She is a coquette, vain, shallow, and incapable of deep feeling, and she tosses John's love aside in a moment of pique for that of Joseph Holden; afterward, on discovering that there is a prospect of John's inheriting a fortune and becoming a person of importance, she shamelessly offers to rid herself of Joseph and reinstate John in her graces.

John Gray, however, is not to be so lightly dropped and picked up again. The episode proves to him that his idol has feet of clay, and, with his faith in her shattered, he bids her farewell.

Amy, in the mean time, has made her home with her aunt and uncle, Major and Mrs. Falconer. Mrs. Falconer stands out against a background of high-born Virginian ancestry—a background of jewels, brocades, fans, and satin slippers; of balls and minuets; of wide-reaching plantations and slaves. The major has been one of those who has heroically fought in the Revolution, and to whom the Southern beauty out of patriotic gratitude has given her hand, bravely following him into the Kentucky wilderness. Unfortunately, although neither of the pair confesses it, the marriage has been an uncongenial one. Both, however, are too noble-minded to do otherwise than be true to the union that holds them together. Yet there is a scar of disappointment beneath the surface, and in the woman's heart a weariness and longing that nothing satisfies. During John

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Gray's visits to her niece Mrs. Falconer has become deeply interested in the young schoolmaster, who is about her own age and whose tastes she shares. Between them a companionship has sprung up which each honestly mistakes for friendship.

Amy's attraction for the man has been an untutored impulse of the senses; but Jessica Falconer's power over him is one of deep spiritual inspiration.

When he awakens to the discovery that in reality it is Mrs. Falconer whom he loves, his reverence for her, her purity, and her loyalty to her husband all bind him to silence. She also loves him, but is in honor bound to give him no sign, and hence, with their love unspoken, he goes East ostensibly to recover the legacy he expects to inherit, but determined never to return.

The lawsuit for his property goes against him and he is cast into jail for debt, from which ignominy the efforts of friends release him. He is a proud man and, wishing to pay this debt of gratitude, he proposes to marry the daughter of the family that has befriended him. Before the marriage, however, he tells his future bride quite frankly that he loves some one else who is not free, and it is with this knowledge that she accepts him. While the wedding is in preparation a letter comes to him from Mrs. Falconer announcing the death of her husband, and in the silent hope that his fiancée will give him his liberty he acquaints her with the change in his prospects. We gather from the text that the girl is unwilling to give him up, and as he is too honorable to demand his freedom he carries out his pledge.

All ignorant of this turn of events, Mrs. Falconer in the mean time is so sure of his love that she erects in distant Kentucky a stately mansion modeled after the home of her early youth. She is still in the thirties and beautiful, and, deluded into the belief that at last her dreams are to be fulfilled, she makes ready for her marriage. A paper telling of John's union with some one else rudely destroys her paradise. Twice she has missed the prize of happiness. The intense joy of womanhood she is never to know. "I shall go softly all my days," she murmurs.

Time sweeps on, but her beauty does not fade. She becomes the great lady of the Southern settlement and at her home Aaron Burr and many another famous American are entertained. More than one man lays his fortune at her feet and goes away disappointed.

There are women who never experience the heights and the depths of life. "Gazing deep into their eyes, we are reminded of the light of dim churches. They are the women who have missed happiness and who know it; but, having failed of affection, give themselves to duty. It was into the company of these quieter pilgrims that she had passed."

One day long afterward, when she is alone in her garden, she sees coming toward her a magnificent young fellow at the brink of manhood.

He lifts his hat with courtly gesture.

"I am John Gray, the son of your old friend, and my father sends me to you to stay, if you will let me. And he desires me to deliver this letter."

"John Gray!" she cried. "You John Gray! You! Take off your hat."

For a moment she looked at his forehead and his hair; her eyes became blinded with tears. She threw her arms around his neck with a sob and covered his face with kisses.

Alone in the solitude of her bedroom she reads the letter.

John tells her that he loves her, that he has always loved her; and that it is the fire of this love that through the years has kept his ideals aglow.

"Many a time this candle has gone out; but as quickly as I could snatch any torch—with your sacred name on my lips—it has been relighted.

"If," he adds, "I have kept unbroken faith with any of mine, thank you. And thank God!"

Thus ends the novel

It was an early book of Mr. Allen's, the second one he wrote, and it abounds in all the charm of olden-time atmosphere and in the beauty of description and delicacy of feeling so characteristic of his work. Historically it gives us a delightful picture of Kentucky life in 1795.

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HUGO

VICTOR MARIE HUGO was born at Besançon, France, on February 25, 1802, so puny an infant that it was not believed he could live. He was the third son of a distinguished soldier under Napoleon. He came from sturdy but not noble stock, his ancestors on his father's side having been simple peasants.

He was well educated in France and in Spain, where his father held high rank under Napoleon's brother. He was a precocious lad, writing long plays in verse and prose while hardly more than a child. Before his twenty-first year he had won several high prizes for his verse. But, thrown on his own resources by the death of his mother, he found it difficult to live by his pen. He moved into an attic, where he had his only experience of actual poverty. His writings, however, soon became popular and he was able to marry, at the age of twenty one, Adele Foucher, his playmate of childhood days. It was a happy marriage for ten years. Then Hugo became infatuated with an actress, to whom he was devoted fifty years.

From his youth until his death, on May 22, 1885, Hugo wrote rapidly—poems, plays, and novels. No other man of his time had such an international reputation. Swinburne hailed him as "the greatest man born since the death of Shakespeare."

His most famous novel, "*Les Misérables*," was published in 1862, but he had been working on it for fifteen years. Thirty years before had appeared his first great prose romance, "*Notre Dame*," and the third, "*Toilers of the Sea*," came out in 1865.

LES MISÉRABLES

By VICTOR HUGO

Condensation by
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

ABOUT the time of the French Revolution, Jean Valjean of La Brie, a day-laborer, earned a scanty living for his sister and her seven children. One time, when the family was starving, he stole a loaf of bread, was caught and condemned to the galleys for five years. Twice he attempted to escape and failed. He was a convict for nineteen years. When he was discharged in 1815 he was wicked, silent, chaste, ignorant, and ferocious; his affectionate nature had been poisoned against society. But he had taught himself how to read, and he had thought.

Refused shelter or food at tavern or private house, he came to Monsigneur Myriel, Bishop of D——, in the foot-hills of the Alps. He was treated like a prince; but in the night he stole some of the bishop's silver plate, was caught as he made off, and was brought back to the good bishop, who, with a smile, assured the gendarmes that the articles were not stolen, but given. Adding two silver candlesticks, the bishop said to him: "Take them and become an honest man. My brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I give it to God."

As he fled he yielded to one last temptation to do wrong; he took from a hurdy-gurdy boy a two-franc piece, but almost immediately, filled with remorse, he tried in vain to find the boy. Two years later a stranger, dressed like a working-man, arrived at the little city of M—— sur M——. Just as he arrived a fire broke out in the Town Hall and he rescued two children belonging to the captain of the police. This saved him from having to show his passport. He made an invention and soon became prosperous. He built great workshops, endowed a hospital, founded schools, paid high wages, and was made mayor.

Employed in his factory was Fantine, a girl who had been deserted in Paris by an unworthy lover. She had left her baby, Cosette, with a crafty and hideous pair named Thenadier. When it was learned that she had an illegitimate child, she was discharged without the knowledge of M. Madeleine, the benevolent manufacturer, and was reduced to such poverty that she could not pay the Thenadiers, who took Cosette's clothes for their own girls and wrote Fantine for more. The girl sold her beautiful blond hair; then they informed her that Cosette was ill, which was a lie, and demanded one hundred francs. To obtain this she sold her front teeth to a traveling dentist; then she went on the town, and when a dissolute dandy, to annoy her, put snow down her back, she scratched his face and was arrested by Javert, inspector of police, a brutal and over-officious tyrant, who had been attached to the galleys when Jean Valjean was there and suspected the mayor of M—— of being the former convict. The mayor freed Fantine. She supposed he was the cause of her misfortunes and spat in his face. He took the affront weekly and investigated her complaint. She was ill of consumption and he provided for her and promised to look out for her child.

About the same time the police arrested another man who three former convicts swore was the missing Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean's conscience would not allow an innocent person to be punished in his place. Surmounting extraordinary difficulties, he went to Arras, where the trial took place, and just as the judge was condemning the wrong man, he confessed he was the missing convict that had robbed the bishop and the hurdy-gurdy boy.

The judge let him go; but Javert was implacable and apprehended him at Fantine's death-bed. He was lodged in jail, but, having enormous strength, he broke out and returned to his house to secure his great fortune. He had time to hide his money in the haunted forest of Montfermeil, but was captured once more and sent to the galleys for life.

Nine months later at Toulon he broke his chain and saved the life of a sailor who was hanging head down from the topmast of a ship, but he himself either fell or jumped off from the spar and was reported drowned. The battle of Waterloo had taken place and the Thenadiers, who had been guilty of robbing the dead on the fatal field, kept a wretched inn at Montfermeil. They treated Cosette,

now eight years old, with great cruelty. Christmas, 1823, was the climax of her wretchedness; she was sent after dark to fetch water from a spring in the dreadful forest. A poorly dressed stranger, passing, carried her heavy bucket. At the tavern he protected her from her mistress's threatened punishment, and the next morning he paid Thenadier one thousand five hundred francs and took Cosette to Paris, where he occupied a tumble-down habitation just outside of the city, the gloomiest place in all the gloomy boulevard. By day ugly, at twilight lugubrious, and at night sinister. He thought himself secure there, but his benevolence made him conspicuous, and the old caretaker, being full of envy and uncharitableness, grew suspicious of her lodger.

One day he saw Javert. He took Cosette and again fled. But Javert was on his track. Only by unexampled adroitness and by his colossal strength did he escape by climbing over a high wall. He found himself in the garden of the convent of the Petit Picpus, where worked Père Fauchelevent, whose life M. Madeleine had saved when he was mayor of M——. The gardener, out of gratitude, got him appointed his assistant by representing him to be his brother. Cosette was taken into the convent school. She grew up into a charming girl; beauty suddenly came to her like the blossoms to a cherry-tree in April, and Jean Valjean, happy in loving her as his daughter, as his granddaughter, as the only woman he had ever loved, guarded her as a sacred treasure.

He had good reason to be wary, for the Thenadiers had come to Paris and joined a band of robbers, and Javert never forgot. He had several desperate encounters with them. On the one side outlaws; on the other undeviating law personified. He took part in the abortive revolution of 1830 and saved Javert's life, at last winning the admiration of that implacable and fatally honorable man.

But there was one danger from which he could not protect Cosette: the most beautiful thing in the world, which nevertheless seemed to him his worst enemy—love.

Baron Marius, the son of a man whom Thenadier had robbed at Waterloo and had incidentally saved from a terrible death, had been turned out of his house by his royalist grandfather and was earning a poor livelihood by literature. He saw her and they met. Their love went through more than the usual vicissitudes. During the insurrection Jean Valjean carried the youth through the mazes of

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the Paris sewers and brought him, desperately wounded, to his grandfather's house. The old man relented and consented to the marriage. Jean Valjean gave Cosette a dowry of about six hundred thousand francs. In order to have a conscience perfectly clear he told his life story to Marius, who, not understanding the grandeur of the spirit that had never done anything but good, allowed him to go away with a broken heart. Thenadier, however, came to the baron to blackmail him and unconsciously revealed what a noble life Jean Valjean had led. Marius, taking Cosette, hastened to the old man's death-bed, and gave him one last taste from the cup of happiness. He died in their arms.

Victor Hugo calls *Les Misérables* "a drama in which the hero is the Infinite, the second character is Man." It is in reality a melodrama in which are mingled scenes of history, a host of characters from the highest to the lowest, improbabilities which strain one's credulity, a vast amount of rare and curious information on all sorts of subjects, dissertations on philosophy, science, politics and religion. Its treatment of social injustice had a powerful influence on public opinion, not only in France, but in many other countries. It has been an epoch-making book.

DEFOE

DANIEL DEFOE was born in London about 1660. After a life of varied and brilliant activity, he died, a homeless fugitive, in Ropemakers' Alley, Moorfields, on April 26, 1731. His father, a butcher, educated Daniel for the dissenting ministry, but the boy's unremitting energy led him to be a trader, a political intriguer, and an indefatigable journalist.

He rose to great intimacy with King William III, and abruptly fell to pillory and prison for his too perfect satire, "*The Shortest Way with Dissenters*." From Newgate he launched his remarkable "*Review*," a journal written entirely by himself. He advocated an income tax and higher education for women. He wrote two hundred and fifty distinct pamphlets and books, but his masterpiece, "*Robinson Crusoe*," was not published until 1719, when the author was nearly sixty years old. This, the first great English novel, has in some respects never been surpassed. Its immediate popularity incited Defoe to write a sequel and many thrilling tales of pirates and adventurers, of courtezans and adventuresses. His vivid story of the plague appeared three years after "*Robinson Crusoe*."

"Defoe was perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived. Yet if we go deep into his rich and strangely mixed nature, we come upon stubborn foundations of conscience." Whatever the ultimate judgment of his honesty, "*Robinson Crusoe*" lives immortally to attest his genius in invention.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

By DANIEL DEFOE

Condensation by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

MY father designed me for the law, but I would be satisfied only with going to sea, and being one day at Hull and one of my companions about to go by sea to London in his father's ship, nothing would serve me but I must go with him—this on September 8, 1651, and I being then nineteen years of age.

The ship was no sooner out of port than the wind began to blow and the sea to rise in the most frightful manner, which made me most terribly sick in body and frightened in mind. In my agony I vowed that if God would spare me through this one voyage I would go, immediately I set foot on land, directly home to my good parents and be ever after guided in my conduct by their advice.

But next day the wind was abated and the sea calmer, and the sun went down to a perfectly fine evening, and when to that was added a bowl of punch made by a shipmate, I forgot my resolution to return home after the voyage; and such has been my habit, to my great misfortune, all my life—to disavow in the hour of peril the headstrong actions which have brought me to peril, and when the danger is past to forget all vows and plunge headlong once more on my heedless courses.

Various were my adventures after that first tempestuous voyage. Trading to Guinea in Africa, I was captured by a Turkish rover and sold into slavery, from whence after many perils I escaped to the Brazils, where I set myself up for a sugar-planter and was enjoying a fine prosperity thereat, when I fell a victim to temptation. Help being scarce in the Brazils and some planters there knowing that I had traded with the slave coasts of Africa, they beguiled me into a voyage to those parts with the intent to secure slave labor for our plantations.

Only evil does ever come of evil counsel. Our ship was wrecked on an unknown island off the northeast coast of South America, and of all the ship's company I alone, by the blessing of God, was allowed to escape through the high surf to the shore. All I possessed at the time was a knife, a pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. Walking along the shore, when I had recovered sufficiently in strength so to walk, I found fresh water, a great joy. Having drunk and put a little tobacco against the hunger in my mouth, I took up my lodging in a tree and did there sleep, to my great refreshment, throughout the night.

Next morning the weather was clear and the sea mild, but what pleased me most was the sight of the ship, which, as the tide ebbed, lay so close to the shore that I found no trouble in swimming out to it. No living thing except a dog and two cats was left on the ship; but there was a store of necessities, and such I took, building a raft for the purpose of transporting them to an inlet in the island where was fresh water and a flat, high place for my habitation. Bread, rice, barley and corn, cheese and dried goat's flesh, some sugar, flour, planks, spars, rope—all these with muskets, two pistols, fowling-pieces, a store of lead and powder, two saws, an ax, a hammer, and—which was the least use of all—thirty-six pounds sterling. All these I piloted from day to day between tides from ship to shore. On the night of the thirteenth day, my work of transportation being done, I lay down in my usual fear of wild beasts, but also of thankfulness in the knowledge that I was prepared for some time to come against the barrenness of this island.

There were wild fruit trees on the island, but it was many days before I discovered them. There were also goats running wild, but without the firearms and ammunition I had brought from the ship, of what avail were they to me? So I had reason to be thankful for the good Providence which held the ship to the shore until I had taken off all that was of use to me.

There was much to be done if I were to secure my existence on this strange island. The needful things I did as best I could in turn, but not always with good fortune attending my efforts. In my first planting of barley and corn seed, the half of all my precious stock was wasted by reason of being planted in the very wrong time. I spent weary months in making earthenware pots for holding fresh water; and forty-two days it took me to hew my first long plank

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from a tree trunk. I strove for weeks to fashion a stone mortar to stamp grain in, only to come at last to a block of hollowed-out wood. Five months I labored in felling a great cedar-tree, hewing and shaping it to the hull of a splendid boat with which I was to escape from the island, only to be forced to abandon it for want of a means whereby to launch it into the sea. However, every failure taught me something I had not known before.

For the elements, there were great winds and rains and earthquakes. But I became used in time to all things. I planted and harvested my crops of barley and corn; I plucked my wild grapes and dried them into nourishing raisins; I raised and killed and smoked and salted my tame goats, being thus for variety of food not so badly served. And so through the twelve years during which I saw no sign of human existence on the island other than my own, until that eventful day on which I met with the print of a man's naked foot on the sand.

I was then like one thunderstruck. I listened, I looked, but I could hear nothing, see nothing. I went up the shore, down the shore; but there was only that single footprint! Terrified to the last degree, I ran to my habitation like one pursued; and for three days and nights thereafter I did not stir out.

What a commentary on the fear of man for man! After twelve years of pain and labor, twelve years of warring against the elements, to be thrown into terror by the imprint of a human foot! But so it was.

After observation I learned that it was the habit of cannibals from the main land to come to a part of the island which I seldom visited to feast upon the bodies of their captured enemies. One morning from my lookout I perceived thirty savages dancing around a fire. They had cooked one victim and had two more ready for the fire, when I descended upon them with two loaded muskets and my great sword, and was in time to save one which they had not yet eaten. The saved man I called Friday, in honor of the day of his rescue, and his was the first voice I heard in all my twenty-five years on the island. He was young, intelligent, of a superior race of savages, and became my trusted companion for all the time I remained on the island.

What Friday told me of the mainland, after I had taught him some English, decided me to leave my island. We built a boat, this time not too far from the sea for launching, and were almost ready

to set sail when twenty-one savages in three canoes landed on the island with three prisoners for a feast. One of the prisoners was a white man, which enraged me. I double-charged two fowling-pieces, four muskets, two pistols, and, giving Friday a hatchet and also a great dram of rum, and myself my great sword, we descended and killed all but four savages.

One of the prisoners was Friday's father. The white man was a Spaniard, a survivor from a ship of which I had seen the wrecked hull on my island some years before this, and from which I had taken some one thousand two hundred pieces of gold, but of which I made small account because of its being of less value to me than so much sand of the beach.

The Spaniard and Friday's father I sent with firearms and food in my new boat to bring back the wrecked crew of the Spanish ship. While waiting for their return an English ship with a mutinous crew put into my island. I helped the captain recover his ship and took passage with him for England, leaving on the island the most mutinous members, with two honest ones who wished also to remain. Later, my Spaniards returned and all settled together on the island, having their dissensions at first, but settling down finally into a flourishing colony, which some years later it was my happiness to visit.

After twenty-eight years two months and nineteen days I left my island. I anticipated much joy of my arrival in England, but I was like a stranger there. My mother and father were both dead, which was unfortunate, as I could have been of great service to them; for besides the one thousand two hundred pieces of gold from the Spanish ship, there was ten thousand pounds sterling awaiting me from an honest friend, a Portuguese captain to whom I had intrusted my estate in the Brazils before setting forth on the ill-fated errand which threw me for twenty-eight years on my island. So pleased was I with his honesty that I settled one hundred mouldures a year on him and fifty mouldures a year on his son, both for life.

I married and begot three children, and except for the one voyage to the old island, of which I have spoken, I roamed no more. So here I am, having lived a life of infinite variety for twenty-nine years, blessed with more than I deserve and resolved to prepare now for the longest journey of all. If I have learned anything, it is a knowledge of the value of retirement and the blessing of ending our days in peace.

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SHEHERAZADE

THE marvelous tales that Sheherazade told to King Shahriar, stories of love and adventure and mad magic, cannot be attributed to any one author, for the very good reason that there never was an author. They are popular stories that, perhaps about the year 1450, were put into the present form by a professional story-teller, presumably a Persian.

In primitive communities, where few of the people can read and where books are difficult to get, these professional readers are in great demand. They pick up here and there tales that appeal to all and bind them into a long narrative. Some people have thought that Homer's long poems originated in this way.

Everywhere in the near East the traveler finds these story-tellers to-day. An eager audience collects to hear them, each paying a small fee for the privilege of listening. The entertainer declaims as he walks to and fro and always stops his narrative just before an exciting climax, so that he will be assured of listeners on the morrow. His audience follows his recital with breathless interest, especially when he illustrates thrilling episodes with lively pantomime.

Year after year these groups of listeners gathered centuries ago. The story-teller discarded the tales that did not hold the attention of his listeners. Gradually the process of elimination went on until only the best were handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation. Then some unknown benefactor of mankind had them written down and connected them with the framework of Sheherazade and Shahriar. And these are the "Arabian Nights" that have delighted children and grown men and women for decades.